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AT THE LAST.

There must be something after all this woe
A sweet fruition from the harrowed past;
Rest some day for this pacing to and fro;
A tender sunbeam and dear flowers at last.

There will be something when these days are done,
Something more fair by far than starry nights—
A prospect limitless, as one by one
Embodied castles crown the airy heights.

So cheer up, heart, and for that morrow wait!
Dream what you will, but press toward the dream;
Let fancy guide dull effort through the gate,
And face the current, would she cross the stream.

Then when that something lies athwart the way—
Coming unsought as good things seem to do—
'Twill prove beneath the flash of setting day
A nobler raised than now would beckon you.

For lifted up by constant, forward strife,
Hope will attain so marvelous a height,
There can be nothing found within this life
After this day to form a fitting night.

So heaven alone shall ever satisfy
And God's own light be ever light enough
To guide the purified, ennobled eye
Toward the smooth which lies beyond the rough.

There will be something when these clouds skim by—
A bounteous yielding from the fruitful past;
Sweet peace and rest upon the pathway lie,
E'en though but death and flowers at the last.

FAY ALLEYNE;

OR,

THE WIFE'S ORDEAL.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JENNIE OF 'THE PRINCE'S.'"

II.—[CONTINUED.]

In the afternoon, Charley and I drive out. We take a turn in Richmond Park, and my husband, who is in his cheeriest mood, approves of the road, the way the horses are going, the views, etc. And while I endeavor to seem as cheerful as he is, I am thinking—thinking.

Shall I stay away this evening? Shall I plead illness, and go to bed? Shall I beg my husband to stay at home with me, and confess to him frankly that I cannot bear to go—or to let him go?

How well I know the calm tone of wonder with which he will say, "Why what on earth?"—or "What in the name of wonder?"—and what reply can I make to him? Of course, it is all sheer folly on my part; but nevertheless I am very unhappy. While I am dressing, Charley comes into my room.

"Make yourself very pretty to-night, little wife," he says. "You know how proud I am of you!" My heart leaps towards him; I follow its bent, fling my arms around his dear neck, and say, "Dear Charley, let me stay at home to-night."

"Stay at home, Fay? Why we have promised!"

"I know; that does not much matter, they will forgive us—say I am ill—anything."

I try to look into his kind eyes, which I know are anxious; I try to unburden my mind, to ask, to explain—but cannot.

"There is surely something very wrong, you are quite unlike yourself, Fay." So he says gently, and leads me to a low chair, and placing me in it, kneels before me, and taking my two hot hands in his, says many kind words to me, and presently makes me laugh at some absurd little story about stout good-natured Mr. Smythe. "Now you are better," says Charley, laughing too; "and I know it will do you good to go out to-night. I really believe you get moped, shut up here alone all the long days while I am in town. Cheer up, Fay, it hurts me to see your sweet sunny face clouded. Put up that pretty hair of yours, and wear a blue dress that matches your eyes, and let me kiss the roses back into cheeks that ought never to be pale." —and having kissed me, he rises, and I feel the color coming back into my face, and determine to be bright and to look my best for his dear sake. In this effort that horrible depression leaves me, indeed I feel quite happy again as we walk across the common together, and I "prattle" as gaily as ever.

Hearing our ring at the clanging gate bell of the "Limes," Mrs. Smythe comes from the croquet-lawn through the broad, open vestibule to meet us.

"You will find them all under the sweet-scented limes, Mr. Alleyne," says our cheery hostess. "I shall bring your wife out myself when she has taken off her hat and shawl. Dinner is ready."

We have just time to exchange greetings out of doors, before we re-enter the dining-room. I see that Mrs. Balfour is superbly dressed in pale grey with flecks of rose-color peeping out here and there. She has risen to meet me as I am crossing the lawn, and she lifts her dress, showing a dainty pink slipper. Charley, at her side also sees that slipper.

"I trust you are better to-day," she says, taking both my hands in hers very affectionately. "You look charming. The heat tried you yesterday, I am sure. Even I felt it, and I have been through a Chinese temperature."

"Now, Mrs. Balfour, if you please," says our host, bringing Charley round to Mrs. Balfour's side, and himself leading the way to dinner with me. "They shall see mischief before them, shan't they, Mrs. Alleyne? It's a good, steady, respectable bit of mischief though with me as representative, isn't it now?"

We settle down at the pretty flower-laden table, and there is a buzz of general conversation. The long French windows are widely opened on to the clean swept lawn, and out of the bow at the end of the room we see the croquet-ground, and the grand limes that give the house its name. All outside is flooded in a mellowed glory of evening light, the shadows have deepened and softened, and the sweet breath of flowers and blossoms from without and within fills and scents the air deliciously, and seems to feed the spirit, while iced drinks and dainty cold meats fittingly refresh the body.

Even swarthy Mr. Balfour seems influenced by these gentle surroundings, and actually volunteers some information about his three children, to whom he appears warmly attached. He describes their ages and looks to me, and motherly Mrs. Smythe, of course, chimes in, delighted to canvass the topic nearest her heart, *i. e.*, the varying dispositions of "olive branches." So we three are engrossed, when an emphatic remark from Mr. Smythe arrests our attention.

"Upon my soul," he says, "that is about the most sweeping assertion I have ever heard made by any lady."

"I am convinced of its truth," says Mrs. Balfour, smiling.

"My dear madam, one would almost imagine you spoke from personal experience," says Mr. Smythe, somewhat flushed in face and very warm in manner.

"Dear Mr. Smythe," says Mrs. Balfour deprecatingly, "do pray remember, I said unscrupulous, sufficiently unscrupulous——"

"Oh! ah! yes, that is true, a very proper reservation, too."

"Why, Eustace, what is it dear? Mrs. Balfour, what can you have been saying to so alarm my husband?" asks Mrs. Smythe, smiling. What a different smile to Mrs. Balfour's!

"I simply stated an opinion I have long held and never yet found occasion to change," so says the latter lady, on whom all eyes are fixed. "I am not at all ashamed of repeating what I believe to be the truth."

"Hear, hear; silence for the chair," says Charley laughing, and looking with keenest interest at the fair speaker. She turns pointedly to him.

"You have heard my opinion once, do you desire me to repeat it?" she asks him.

"By all means. It is almost beyond me, and a repetition may enable me to comprehend. I was always dull and slow, as you know, but I admire original ideas all the same."

"I said to these gentlemen, who have both attached undue importance to my words,—given any woman of sufficient power of attraction and intellect, she can make any man she pleases fall desperately in love with her, provided always that she is also sufficiently unscrupulous." As she spoke, her eyes met mine, and it seemed to me that in proportion to the amazement I must have shown in my looks, there came a cold glance of defiant hatred into hers. Was that also imagination?

Presently, when we ladies are seated on the lawn outside, while the gentlemen have strolled away over the common with their cigars, I think again that I have been over sensitive and given way to foolish fancies, for now Mrs. Balfour is both kind and gracious. Our hostess has made some maternal apology about that thickly populated nursery upstairs, and left us "young people" to talk over "our gaieties," while she attends to "soberer duties." After some kindly comment on the lady of the house, Mrs. Balfour says in her most confidential tone,

"You have such a sweet, quaint, name —'Fay!' I long to call you by it. We seem such old friends through Charley. I have much wished to know you, and I made him tell me all about you yesterday, when I could hardly get you to say a word for yourself. I knew the heat tried you —oh! you need not shake your wise little head. Charley said you were quite unlike yourself, and, of course, he wished me to have the very best impression, for he is desirous that you and I should be very great friends! It will be so, dear Fay, will it not?" She had drawn her chair close to mine, and taking my hands in both hers, strokes them meditatively while she purrs on:

"You seem such a child to me, Fay! Think how much I have lived through, how I have been tossed about! Why, when poor Marie and I were at school together we vowed never to part. School-girls vows—not the only ones made to be broken! Ah me!—I used to spend all my holidays with the Alleynes, and so it was Charley and I saw so much of one another, so much, that—" she interrupts herself here, not with a sigh, but to reflect; having done which, she evidently resolves to withhold some intended confidence, and without a word from me continues:

"When the signal came that I must leave England, it seemed like a death-blow. Charley and Marie both went to Southampton to see me off. Oh! how we all cried, like so many children, as indeed we were, all three! I went out in charge of Sir James Balfour and his wife, John's brother, you know, and a man of high position in Hong Kong. John came to meet us on our arrival, and brought me messages from my parents, who had deputed him to meet and take charge of me. From that first interview John took a great fancy to me. He was old enough to be my father, but that did not dismay him. Twice he asked me to marry him, twice I refused. Then, urged by my parents, and myself esteeming Mr. Balfour very highly, I consented, and within six months of my leaving England I was actually married! I really did not like to write to Marie Alleyne about all this, because I felt that all our hopes of a speedy reunion were doomed to disappointment. I had promised to return in two years, and now I was, of course, bound to remain with my husband. My mother sent cards to the Alleynes, and wrote an account of the wedding, which was really most elegant and elaborate in every sense. And we actually never had a line in reply! Was not this unkind—such old friends as we all were! It was not until six years after that Mrs. Alleyne wrote to my mother, telling her of Charley's marriage, and singing your praises, my dear, in a manner most unusual with mothers-in-laws.

"A while after that came the announcement of poor Marie's death! And I had been married six years; and my two eldest children were called Charley and Marie, and she had never written me a single line—" Here Mrs. Balfour pauses again, and I see that her reminiscences of poor Marie have affected her. Presently, in quite an altered tone, she says, "I have been telling you all this, because you must naturally have wondered at such an intimate friendship between your husband and me, who was to you yesterday—a stranger. Knowing silent Charley so well, I felt sure he would never take the trouble to tell you the insignificant history of our intimacy, which he may even have forgotten—until he so suddenly met me yesterday! And it is always best for dear loving little wives to know all about their husbands' former friendships! Now having told you all this, you must take me into your confidence too. Ah! little Fay, don't try to draw your hand away, let me keep it; tell me all your pretty love story, for I know you worship that handsome husband of yours; be my friend, dear, trust me, and try not to think badly of me as you did yesterday!" Her manner is certainly fascinating; her pretty insistence gains upon me; I feel myself thawing in spite of that unaccountable shrinking that she has so readily divined. Also, she has struck the tenderest chord in my memory, for I dearly love to talk about my Charley and dilate on his goodness to me. "You were boating somewhere on the French coast and upset, and our gallant Charley—" she recommences questioningly.

"Upset? oh dear, no," says I, laughing, "nothing so romantic. We were out catching herrings in a little French fishing boat. There was only one sailor to manage for us, though our party was large. Mr. Alleyne was there and other strangers, and we each paid two francs going, as our share. We started from Veules, where we were all staying, and got rather far out, and could not get back because it is so difficult to land there, and the tide was too strong. So we were obliged to go on to Dieppe. My stepmother was with me; she is very timid, and was so alarmed she became hysterical, though there was no cause for fear. French ladies are very nervous, I think, on the water. Mr. Alleyne was so kind and so attentive! He helped us to get a carriage, and he bargained with the coachman and then went back to Veules with us. It was a very long drive, but we chatted all the way, and the time seemed so short. After that he called every day—he also was staying in Veules—and we used to sit on the beach together. And when we were back at Madame's school in Paris—and I thought he had long forgotten us among his grand English friends—he came to see us again. That was at Christmas. Oh! he was so good, so kind, so dear! When he had gone away, I felt as if my heart was broken, and then I knew I loved him better than my life; but I knew also that he would not be likely to forget me; I *felt* that, and I had his promise to come again for the Great Exhibition. That was to be in May. 'I shall come on the 12th of May,' he said to me, 'because that will be your birthday, and I want to reverse the order of things, and make you give me a present on that happy occasion.' And he came ——," Here I pause, thinking of it all over again, and Mrs. Balfour withdraws the hands that have hitherto held mine so closely.

"Go on," she says, drily, "we are getting into the very climax of the third volume now."

"Pray forgive me," I say, blushing painfully; "of course it must bore you to listen to my reminiscences."

"You entirely mistake me," she says, with renewed eagerness; "indeed I am very much interested. I feel a little chilled; let us walk, and do you go on and tell me all. Pray how old were you on the 12th of May?"

"Seventeen."

"And he kept his word, and came to you?"

"Yes, and brought Marie to see me; and while she was with me he spoke to Madame Grancour, my step-mother, and—and—so the birthday gift was settled. Madame, I know, was thankful to be rid of me, for she had her own daughters, who were much older and able to assist her in the school, and I was of so little use, except in giving music and English lessons. Marie Alleyne was, oh! so good to me—no one had ever been so good to me before. And how she loved her brother! Over and over again she implored me to be true and faithful to him—never to change! As though I could change! My love is my very life, and I am the happiest woman in the world in being Charley's wife. If you will come and see me one day I will show you the beautiful home he has given me, and you shall judge for yourself as to whether I have reason to be content."

"Thank you, my dear," she answers promptly, "be sure I shall take the very first opportunity of driving over to your charming nest. You must be like a cooing pair of doves within it." She laughs pleasantly, and I notice no sarcasm in her tone, but at once declare:

"We will be sure not to annoy you by any cooing. We are old married people now, and not given to public demonstrations."

"All the better—I might be jealous of so much affection; we—John and I—are such very matter-of-fact people, of course."

Already I regret my too impulsive invitation, and then console myself, oddly enough, with the conviction that Charley will be so pleased to hear I have been asking *his* friend to our home. At this moment dear Mrs. Smythe returns, profuse in her apologies for her lengthy absence; then we all walk on together to meet the gentlemen, as they come towards the small gate that opens upon the common. Mrs. Balfour is very gracious to me, and I endeavor to return her attention, or rather gratefully to receive the same. When her carriage drives up, we all go out to the hall door to see the departure. Charley and Mr. Balfour, of course, walk round the horses, look them over and compare notes as to useful sorts, heights, and color, etc., etc., and from the brougham window Mrs. Balfour calls "Fay." I go to her, and she says impressively:

"I shall certainly keep my promise one day this week. I shall come about luncheon time, and we will spend a long afternoon in chatting about the absent husbands, and you shall show me all your pretty possessions. I am *so* charmed we should have met at last."

As Charley and I walk home together, he is full of pleasant talk, and I can answer him fully enough now. Yesterday's misery seems like a dream, distinct, indistinct. Dreams, when they are vivid and painful, leave us with a numbed feeling of apprehension long after we realize their futility. The underlying memory of some such dream-like trouble is within me still, but at this present moment I can ignore it. I even speak many words in favor of Mrs. Balfour, and I tell my husband, with a sense of satisfaction, that she has confided all the story of their old friendship to me. At this he comes to a sudden stop, and makes a strange sound—is it a curse or a groan of pain?

"What is it, my dearest?" I cry, in alarm. He mutters something and walks on. Putting his hand on my arm:

"I'm all right now," he says, "only a cramp, or some awful twinge. Indeed I am better now, good little wife, dear little wife."

This physical ailment brings me at once into the debatable ground of suggestions, and when we reach home I insist on dosing Charley—homœopathically—for has not a lovely little rosewood medicine-chest been given to me by his kind mother, full of dear little baby bottles, and with it a fat volume of "instructions?"

And so, according to his painful symptoms, I prepare a dose of bryonia, which I administer carefully, at intervals.

* * * * * * *

When I come into the breakfast-room on Thursday morning, I find Charley standing, lost in thought, by the window. He does not even heed my approach, and when I touch his arm he starts, and a letter falls from his hand.

"Nervous?" I ask. "Startled by *me*?"

"You came upon me so quickly," he says, "and I was thinking. Read your letter, Fay." He shows me the letter he had previously dropped. "May I open it?" he asks.

"Of course, Charley. Do you know the writing? I do not." And I look puzzled.

"It is Constance's," he answers, quickly, and breaks the seal. Together we read:

OLD OAKS, Wednesday.

"My dear little Mrs. Fay:—I shall take you at your word, accept your invitation for to-morrow—nay more, ask you to let me stay and dine, and give me a bed afterwards. Mr. Balfour is taking the children and their nurse to Scotland, to visit a Sir James' for a month. I shall be awfully lonely the day they leave, and want to come to you for company and consolation. If I bore you, you can send me over to Mrs. Smythe. She will take pity on me for 'dear John's sake,' for whom she has a romantic attachment which must have begun with the century. If you are absent *for the day*, send me a telegram.

Yours in haste,
C. B."

"Why does she not go with her children?" I ask, having read.

"She so hates Scotland," says Charley; "she was telling me on Sunday how she objects to the country and its people. So, as she owes a duty visit to his relations, she sends the children as her best representatives."

"I should not like you to go to Scotland while I stay at home, Charley."

"Very likely not. Circumstances alter cases. I am not John Balfour."

"You vain man. You think if you were like Mr. Balfour I should not a bit mind your going away from me."

"I not only think so; I know it. It is a lesson you teach me every day of your life, Fay." With that he gives me an unexpected little kiss, and I go off singing, to prepare his coffee for him.

At one o'clock Mrs. Balfour arrives, bringing with her a capacious dress-basket besides the usual traveling-bag.

"I have arranged to go on to Mrs. Smythe's as soon as you are tired of me, dear," she explains. "Dresses get so crushed, don't they? The require roomy packing. If one only goes away for two or three days one wants plenty of change in this most uncertain climate."

I am hostess now, and on my mettle. The pretty spare room is as fresh and sweet as flowers and bright cretonne can make it. I bid Constance welcome, cordially, and will do my utmost to make her comfortable while she is our guest.

* * * * * * *

A week has gone, and Mrs. Balfour is with us still. She has told me over and over again that I am "a dear little woman, the dearest little woman." She has assured me she feels "thoroughly at home with me, and would like best never to go away again." I am bound to admit, and I assure myself repeatedly, that she is most gracious, most amiable, and yet I cannot help wishing she would go. She does not play or sing, but insists on my doing both, for "the good of the public," as she says. How much rather would I be sitting out in the verandah with that "public," looking into the soft, sweet darkness, while Charley is enjoying his pipe, and she is lounging in my little low chair. The first night of her coming Charley would not smoke, but she insisted so prettily that on the second he could not gainsay her, neither can *I* refuse, if she is determined on having song after song, piece after piece performed by me, alone, at the piano. I do not like to tell Charley how much I wish she would go, it seems inhospitable. Besides, I think he likes her being here; he can talk so much to her about Marie, and those old days of which, alas! I know nothing.

* * * * * * *

At last she has gone. Charley has taken her to town in our phæton, and I am to send her luggage per carrier. They drove off together this morning, she sitting in my place, and kissing her daintily gloved hand to me, as I stood—alone. Those grey gloves are a pair out of six dozen which she won from Charley the other day, in a bet about the distance to the middle target. Charley knows the distance well enough; why did he bet about it at all? Because she asked him, of course. Dear Charley, is there anything he would ever willingly refuse any one, be the favor small or great? And surely he will not refuse me when I beg of him, as I mean to do by-and-by, not to take me to this great ball that Mrs. Balfour "with difficulty" means to get us cards for? Charley will laugh at me for what he will consider a whim; he will call me foolish, too, and perhaps scold me a little. But what does all *that* matter, if he but consents to stay at home with me, and for once does not do *her* bidding? *

While Mrs. Balfour has been staying with us, Charley has managed to come home early from the city, and we have been driving, and doing a little picnicking too. We went to Richmond once; after dinner he took us on to the river. How glorious that was! The water lay smiling dreamily in the moon's rays, until Charley's sculls came to disturb it, when it seemed to ripple into laughter. We drifted along with the current, and Charley made me sing. I held his coat on my lap, and wore his ring and his watch, and I could feast my eyes on his dear face undisturbed. Mrs. Balfour was very silent that night, and I seemed to have more of my husband's companionship than had been mine for many days past! Now, alas! those long afternoons and holiday-making evenings have to be made up for by later work in the city. Charley now only gets home just in time for dinner, and twice even, on foreign and mail days, he has dined in town. Those are very miserable evenings to me. I am glad business so prospers, but I do wish it would not take up quite so much of his time. But "the seniors" are severe and exacting, I know. Charley is most respectful to them, and I hold them in absolute awe. If his partners have asked him to do such a thing, or go to such a place, I never dream of rebelling. Their word is law.

We are walking in the garden one evening, chatting. Charley has his arm around my shoulder, where I love to feel its support. We wander to and fro in the shrubbery path, where little white roses hang from the trellis and blob into our faces—into his often, because he is so tall, into mine now and then with a moist fragrance like a baby kissing.

"I went into the park to-day for a wonder," says Charley presently; "had a call to make in the West End, and strolled that way. Lots of people there, nothing attractive taking them elsewhere, I suppose."

"Whom did you see?" I ask, much interested. "Many people we know? Many riders, or all driving? Were there any wonderful dresses? Were the Hodges there, and Lady Josephine?"

"Pick your question, Fay, and I will give you *one* answer," he says, laughing at my foolish impetuosity.

"Tell me all about it in your own way, dear, and promise to drive me in the park on Saturday, and let me see all the gaiety for myself."

"That I cannot do," says Charley.

"Oh!—— Why you can always get away on Saturday!"

"In spite of that lengthened 'oh,' Fay, you will not get your drive this week."

"But why not—oh, Charley, you are not going away?"

"No, little goose. Only with you. I have asked two or three people to dine with us at the Star and Garter on Saturday."

"Whom? When did you ask them? All gentlemen, of course."

"That does not follow. I asked the lady in your name. Captain Hector, young Willoughby, and Mrs. Balfour."

"Mrs. Balfour? and where did you see *her*?"

"In the park."

"Oh! Was the dinner arranged there?"

"Yes."

"Has Mr. Balfour returned?"

"No. And she seems very dull.

"So you invited her as a pleasant change?"

"Just so."

"We seem suddenly to play a very important part in Mrs. Balfour's life. A few weeks ago we did not even know of her existence."

"You forget, Fay, that I have known her for many years." Charley says this so gravely that I do not venture to utter the naughty words that have come rebelliously to my lips. But though discreetly silent, I do not get over the bitter feeling that wars within me. We walk up and down without further speech, until Charley says:

"By-the-by, I have a box for the opera for to-morrow night."

I give a little cry of delight. The opera is still to me the *ne plus ultra* of delights. "Was the box given you? Oh! this is too nice! Are you going alone?"

"No, not alone; that would be selfish. The fact is, when I met Constance in the park——"

"Charley, I cannot bear this!" I cry, with a sudden choking pain. We are free of the narrow, rose-hung walk, and I escape from his arm, and stand before him rebellious, defiant. "It is all Constance now, and only Constance. I am sick of her name, sick of the sight of her false face and her false voice. Can we go nowhere, do nothing without her now? Is she to come between us at every point, at every turn? I cannot bear it!" Hot blood has mounted to my very temples; I feel it burning and tingling, and know that it has now come to a battle between us, for which, though I dare not own it to myself, I have long been prepared. "This woman is spoiling our home, Charley; she has come between us and our happy content. She has scarce left us a week, and you have meetings with her, make appointments, give her invitations to which no lady could respond. She comes here unasked, and brings a heap of luggage, intending, as she says, to stay one night! She is here for ten! Then she drives away with you, and I lose my chance of being taken into the park, where you well know I love to go with you. Why did Mrs. Balfour make you take her? Why did she not order her own carriage? Only to vex me, of course." I pause, breathless. Charley, taking his pipe from his lips, says quietly:

"Your last assertion is mistaken, Fay. Mrs. Balfour required her own carriage in the afternoon."

"To drive in the park and meet you there. I begin to understand many things now. That was your reason for keeping Lake in town that day, and coming back so late. Oh, Charley, I am ashamed of it all. I have tried to hide it from myself, and have fought against it, but it will not be put aside any longer. She is winning you, stealing you from me—from your very wife. What there was between you two years ago, I had rather not think about. I had hoped that belonged wholly to the past. But now you are mine—my love and life—yes, life; and you must not, must not let her take you from me—it would kill me." I have thrown myself wildly into his arms, and tremble and shiver as I sob out my words in a very agony of emotion. Now, that I have said it all, I, for the first time realize how cruelly I have suffered, how I have been tortured these last weeks.

Charley says not one word. He leads me gently into the house and closes the shutters and veils the lamp. Rain-drops are falling outside, with a distinct, heavy sound. Within, all is subdued, peaceful. Only my heart beats and throbs audibly to me. Charley fetches *eau de Cologne*, and bathes my hands and my temples.

"Do you think I am ill?" I ask, wearily enough, but quite equal to rise to further battle, if such must be.

"I know you are, you poor little woman," he says, with his quiet tone of conviction, that provokes me as it has never done before.

"You shall not put me off like this, Charley," I cry, in my exasperation, "and no scent and no walking on your toes can drive the notions out of my head that are making me wretched, and spoiling both our lives."

"My child, you do not know what you are talking about," he says; "of course, your head aches, and you are feverish."

"Do not mock me, Charley!" I cry, in a sudden access of anger, quite foreign to my nature. "You are breaking my heart, and you and she laugh at your work together; and now you pretend to pity me. She patronizes me too, and I will not endure it. I hate her, oh! how I hate her; and I hate this bitterness and trouble which she has chosen to bring into our happy life!"

"Really, Fay, this is getting beyond a joke."

"A joke! There is nothing playful in me to-night, I assure you, and where that wicked woman is concerned there can never be aught but misery in store for either of us; that I am convinced of."

"Fay, my dear Fay," says Charley, in his gentlest tone. "Can this angry, wild woman really be my tender, loving little

wife? What can have come to you, I ask myself again and again. Remember, child, whatever idle fancies you have filled your head with and chosen to dwell upon, to me all this is quite new, quite unforeseen, and most startling; more than that, it pains and distresses me. Pray think over it quietly, Fay, and before you speak to me again, come to some more reasonable conclusion."

With this Charley goes from the room. He has treated me like a naughty child! My whole being rebels. I feel sorely, bitterly, that something very different to this was needed to reassure me. I do not follow him as my first impulse bids. I sit with my hands clenched, hardening my heart, and no further word passes between us. For the first time since I have known him, there is no spoken "good night" between us. Jealousy, the monster passion, with her twin sister, Despair, have tramped boldly into our happy home, and with cruel fingers commenced to destroy the sweet peace and content that have dwelt with us hitherto.

* * * * * * *

They say, "heavy suppers bring bad dreams." If physical over-feeding has such results, how much more likely that after a night of mental strain and suffering, morning should bring most unrefreshing sleep, full of dreams of perplexity and anguish.

My dreams are haunting me still, as all white and weary, I drag myself down to the sunny breakfast-room, hating the light, the air, and the bright sun too. Charley is seated there, with his cup filled beside him! He would not even wait five minutes for me. He does not look up as I enter, and I fear to speak, for a terrible choking is in my throat, and my eyes, swollen still with the night's tears, are filling again as I look at my husband. I stand for a moment hesitating, and then go towards him penitently. I stand before him with my hands stretched out, and as he holds his forth to me our eyes meet and I fall on my knees and cry, "Husband, forgive me!"

He raises me gently, and smooths my hair off my face, a way of his when much moved. His voice is husky, too, as he says:

"We will forgive one another, Fay, and try to forget, and we will be quite happy again." By-and-by he sits down at my writing-table—"Give me some paper," he says, taking up a pen. Then I move away, but he recalls me.

"Stay beside me, and see what I write," he says.

So I stand beside him, willingly enough, thankful to be near him again. From his pocket-book he takes the large ticket for the box at Covent Garden, and on a sheet of paper writes:

"Hope you will use the inclosed to-night. We are unavoidably prevented from going. Kind regards.

C. A."

This he addresses to Mrs. Balfour, and presently despatches Lake with it on horseback. I feel it is best not to gainsay him, and though I had resolved to go to the opera with her, and bear myself as bravely as Charley could wish, still in my heart I thank him for this sacrifice, and the proof of his tender consideration.

"I dare not stay with you all day, little woman; 'it's as much as my place is worth,'" he says, laughing, as he lights his cigar in the hall; "but I will be back early, and take you down to Kingston and we'll have a row beyond the Cockneys."

I kiss his hand—his strong, kind hand—and walk to the gate with him, and watch him on his way to the train.

Grateful, tranquil, hopeful once more, I go up to my room and bathe my face and change my wrapper for a fresh muslin dress. No one shall see any trace of depression about me while I go through my household duties. These are light enough, pleasant enough, and I enjoy them, filled with a new sense that perhaps lends a special interest to all I am doing. I have realized that life can have deep shadows upon it, and yet there can be sunshine too. When, later, I go into the garden for fresh flowers, I see Lake busy in the yard.

"Was Mrs. Balfour at home when you got to Sydenham?" I ask him.

"Yes, ma'am. A precious hot ride it was too; enough to knock the mare up, so I walked her most of the way home."

"Poor Juliet! . . . . Was no message given to you Lake?"

"No, ma'am, none. Not even a glass of beer!" Lake evidently considers himself aggrieved.

I feel that Mrs. Balfour would have just cause for offence could she have guessed at the motive which sent her that note; but as she could not possibly know that, she might surely have thanked Charley for making the box over to her. Will she suspect anything? Will she attempt to see him in town? Has she ever done so yet? or does she write to him there? So pondering, I walk slowly along the winding path, and mechanically watch the quivering leaves whose shadows fall before my feet. As I look down, a deeper shadow seems to rise and meet me, and I lift my eyes and meet those of the woman who is filling my thoughts, and who, with outstretched hands, is coming toward me. I feel the blood forsaking my face and making a turmoil at my heart. I feel my limbs trembling and catch at a tree to steady myself. Although in spirit this woman was present to me, still in the flesh she was the last person I expected to see.

"Ill, Fay? I was sure of it! Poor little thing. You must be very delicate. And so you have frightened Charley, I suppose and he has sent me a churlish note, and actually inclosed me the box for the opera which he got for me yesterday. I always meant you to go, too; you surely are not offended about that, are you? Tell me; I have come to hear it all, and letters are no use in explaining misunderstandings. You have not even shaken hands with me! You want rousing and cheering. I knew that, and so I drove over at once. I must either coax you to come with us to-night, or I shall feel bound to stay and cheer you. Why, there is our Richmond dinner, too! Come, Mrs. Fay, we must not lose all our pleasures because you are nervous and have a headache. Tell me, is there anything else the matter, dear?

She says much more. I *am* rousing myself, and taking in greedily the information she gives me. It is all poison, but I drink it as though to save my life. We are sitting together under the venerable cedar tree that shades the lawn, and I, quite composed, listen to her "anecdotes" of the past week. It is a fresh page out of my husband's biography, of which I had been left in absolute ignorance. She has seen Charley every day since she left Wimbledon—it comes out most naturally in the course of her talk, and I so eagerly enter into the spirit of her confidence, she never doubts that I have previously heard of all these meetings. She has driven in the park with Charley. She "made him take her" to the last botanical *fete*, and is sorry she had "no ticket to offer me." She arranged the Richmond party for Saturday, and she asked Charley to get the box for to-night. "He really is the most good-natured man I have ever had the good fortune to meet," she says finally; "and I think you are a much-to-be-envied woman."

Why—oh! why—has Charley hidden these things from me? Is there not more to hide than even she dares to tell?

The sunshine that had deepened into shadows is all going out of my life, slowly, but not the less surely, now. Is night coming into my soul just as a month ago—only a month—I felt that life, to us, was in truth like the gladdest noonday?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JULIET ON THE BALCONY.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

O lips that are so lonely
For want of his caress;
O heart that art too faithful
To ever love him less;
O eyes that find no sweetness
For hunger of his face;
O hands that long to feel him
Always, in every place.

My spirit leans and listens,
But only hears his name,
And thought to thought leaps onward
As flame leaps unto flame;
And all kin to each other
As any brood of flowers,
Or these sweet winds of night, love,
That fan the fainting hours!

My spirit leans and listens,
My heart stands up and cries,
And only one sweet vision
Comes ever to my eyes.
So near and yet so far love,
So dear yet out of reach,
So like some distant star, love,
Unnamed in human speech!

My spirit leans and listens,
My heart goes out to him,
Through all the long night watches,
Until the dawning dim;
My spirit leans and listens,
What if, across the night
His strong heart send a message
To flood me with delight?

THE BECKERTONS.

A TALE FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ON DANGEROUS GROUND."

CHAPTER IX.

When Lizzie Day entered the workroom the next morning there were so many eyes fixed on her, and so much unusual whispering and giggling, that she was exceedingly annoyed.

Miss Morgan bent a severe and searching gaze upon her as she said:

"Miss Day, I am sorry to find some very unpleasant reports circulating amongst my young ladies regarding you. I cannot entirely discredit them, and yet if you are able to disprove them, I shall be very much relieved by your so doing. I give you an opportunity, by requesting a truthful reply to these questions. Have you been in the habit of meeting Mr. Stanley clandestinely? And were you in conversation with him last night in your entry, at as late an hour as between twelve and one o'clock?"

Lizzie, embarrassed and frightened, and every moment growing more so, could not find words to frame her answer.

"It is sufficient," said Miss Morgan, "your countenance betrays your guilt. I placed too much confidence in you, Miss Day, to have deserved this deceptive conduct. You may consider yourself discharged."

"If you would let me speak a moment with you alone," stammered Lizzie at length, "I could convince you that—"

"No," interrupted Miss Morgan, "your defence, if you have any to give, must be before all, as all are cognizant of your conduct."

"I cannot—I cannot," sobbed Lizzie, as she covered her face with her hands.

"Then you must leave the house at once; you have already brought sufficient scandal upon it, by your improper behavior, to use no harsher term."

Still Lizzie lingered, but the scornful laughter of the girls, and the whisper that reached her ears, proved more than she could bear, and rushing from the room, she went up to her chamber and threw herself on the bed. Her wakeful night had left her worn and wearied, and despite the new trouble that stared her in the face, she wept herself to sleep. She must have slept hours, for when she awoke the noontide sun was high in the heavens. She resolved that they should not force her to leave the house before she had seen Walter; and now that this had happened, she questioned whether it was not best to yield to his wishes, and give him the right to protect her. She made up her mind so to do, and commenced packing her few clothes for removal. A footstep startled her, and looking round, she saw Emily Price standing in the doorway. Emily boarded with Miss Morgan, and had a room in the attic, with Ellen Hunter, who was also an apprentice. Her face was an interesting one, despite the sunken eyes and wasted cheeks.

"Lizzie," she said, "I could not let you go without bidding you good-bye. I have been up twice before, but you were asleep. I am sure you could not sleep so soundly if you were not innocent. Poor Maria did not use to sleep that way. Oh, Lizzie, will you listen to me, and believe me, and take warning, if I disclose to you the secret of my sister's shame?"

"I presume you mean well, Emily," answered Lizzie coldly, "but there can be no similarity between such a sister as you speak of and myself."

"Ah, Lizzie, you do not know—no one in this house knows beside the one who brought all our trouble upon us; for Maria and I were alone in the world. He does not dream that I am here, or he would have kept far enough away."

"Who? What are you talking about? Emily Price, if you mean Walter Stanley, I want you to know that we are engaged, and that we should have been married before this, if he had had his way," said Lizzie, angrily. "I suppose it is the interest you take in me that caused you to listen to us last night, and to publish to the girls what you overheard."

"Oh, Lizzie, how can you talk so! You ought to know that it was not I. Indeed, I was so tired that I slept all night, and all I know about it is what Ellen Hunter told us. But, dear, Lizzie, don't be angry with me if I tell you about that bad, bad man. He promised Maria too that he would marry her, and she went away with him to get married, and never came back to me until she came back to die. He did not mean to marry her when he took her away; and, Lizzie, he broke her heart, for she was pure and good as you before she knew him, and so lovely! Oh, if you would only believe me! if I could only save you from him!"

Her earnestness was not without effect; for Lizzie could not doubt the truthfulness of those imploring eyes, the touching grief depicted on that sad face; and in turn she questioning eagerly, until the whole tale was told, and she had learned all the unworthiness and baseness of the heart she had so trusted in.

How frightful seemed the precipice to her on which her footsteps had strayed. How fervently she thanked Emily for disclosing to her the dangerous path into which she was so imprudently, and with such blind confidence, upon the eve of rushing. She kissed her tenderly, soothed the agitation which the recital of her wrongs had awakened, and without shedding one tear for her own rude awakening from the dream of love, she finished her arrangements for leaving. It was now her anxiety to escape without seeing him, and consequently she hurried away before night fall.

She was tired of the city, tired of the world, almost tired of life; and remembering a quiet little spot away in the country, where, when a child, she had passed many pleasant summer months with her mother, she resolved to take rest in it for a season. Out of the city she walked, on, on, along the banks of the Schuylkill, without pausing to take rest, until, overcome by fatigue, she sank down on the grassy slopes she was traversing. The busy hum of the city could not reach her there; the smoke and haze which hung over it was away in the distance, illumined with the glowing light of sunset. Over her head stretched the green branches of forest trees, and at her feet the mossy bank swept down to the river's edge. The deep-blue river; not a ripple disturbed its placid surface. Ah! how she envied its tranquility; how she longed for the repose that was imaged there! Closer and closer she crept to its brink, and then she drew back in fear, as a strange temptation whirled through her mind. She was so tired of life; death seemed so near and so easy, and again she crept nearer.

What was it now that held her back?

The memory of the dead. Her buried mother's love. With a strong arm it drew her away, past green meadows and familiar roadside groves, and though Night now threw her gray shadows over all, she kept on, unmindful of the solitude.

The memory of her mother's holy love! It strengthened her to combat with the despair which at first threatened to crush her; it enabled her to drink of the bitter cup that, in her blighted love, had been given her; and cheered by that one memory, she steadily kept on her way.

Drenched with night-dews, she at length reached the old stone cottage. How lovely it looked to her as it lay wrapped in shadows before her! What memories of childhood stirred within her, as she gazed upon its mossy roof, its vine-clad portico, and the trees that spread their sheltering arms over all.

With a throbbing head and aching limbs, she walked slowly up the avenue of lilacs that led to the porch. The door was open, and she stood there a moment with the light from the entry shining full in her face. She could see nothing in the dark parlor beyond; but, with shouts of Lillie! oh, darling sister Lillie!" out came rushing Eva and Effie and Harry and Rosa, almost smothering her with their caresses and embraces.

Not an hour had elapsed, when Jo, who had despatched a servant to the city with the news, and before midnight Mr. Beckerton held his daughter in his arms. With what gentle love did he chide her for the anxiety she had occasioned him, and with what a grateful heart did he thank God for her safe return to him.

And Lillie! how fully she realized her error and her ingratitude, when she saw the love which they all lavished upon her. In her own breast she hid, for the present, the price she had paid for her folly. She longed to see the wife her father had chosen, so glowing a description did he give of her virtues, and yet she shrank timidly from the first meeting.

It was a night of excitement, and proved to be more than Lillie could bear, added to her previous exposure and fatigue. She was threatened with a recurrence of that terrible nervous fever that had brought her so low before; and the physician ordered that she should be kept in a quiet and darkened room until the unfavorable symptoms should disappear. The children he forbade to enter, and even the father he thought it advisable she should not see. The kind farmer's wife and one other attendant were all that were allowed admittance. Lillie was not slow to guess whose lovely face it was that bent so tenderly and anxiously above her; whose low voice read to her such sweet passages of Scripture; whose soft and magical touch charmed away the pain from her brow, and long before she was permitted to be about again, she had learned to love Nora as fondly as the rest.

"I think I'll run away myself," said Harry, "it would be such fun to have a fuss made over me when I came back again."

"Oh! they wouldn't make such fuss with a boy," replied Uncle Jo.

"Don't you believe that," said Harry; "I've read the parable of the prodigal son, and I know all about it. Besides, I don't believe *you*, any how; didn't you tell me the stories about *her*?" and he pointed to Nora.

"Hush!" said Uncle Jo.

"I won't hush. I'm going to tell everything you said."

Uncle Jo was really blushing, and Nora's face was still redder, if possible.

"Harry, come with me," said his father, noticing the embarrassment of both.

"I'm going to tell papa, anyhow," called out Harry, as he left the room. And he kept his word. Mr. Beckerton had quite a laugh with Nora over the *double entendre* of his brother's words; and, in time, Uncle Jo was able to laugh with them, but not until his susceptible heart was again smitten by the boy god. This time he fell a victim to the charms of a fair one, younger than himself, who was kind enough to smile on his wooing, and showed a decided preference for his society over that of his elder brother.

Edward Beckerton and Alfred Grayson passed their fall vacation in their respective homes. Lillie was very kind and sisterly to Alfred, who paid his cousin Nora as frequent visits as he had Lillie, two years before. They had all seen much change in that time, but Alfred remained true to his first fancy, and Lillie as indifferent to his boyish love as ever.

During the winter she frequently met Walter Stanley in society, who recognized her at once as the "incognito" who had disappeared so mysteriously from him; but now that she had discovered his unworthiness it was easy to treat him with the indifference which she felt. More than ever fascinated by her exceeding loveliness he again addressed her, and this time in sincerity, for her position made a marriage with her seem desirable to him in every point of view; but he was unprepared for the decided rejection with which his proposals were met. He reminded her of the time when she would have done differently; but her reply, although she breathed but one name, silenced him forever.

One of Lillie's first errands had been to look for Emily Price, towards whom she felt the deepest gratitude. She found her in the graveyard buried beside her sister, whose shame she had so keenly felt.

Christmas came and went: no more the merry Christmas that it had been once to them; for as the years fly on, shadows will thicken in our pathway, until at length the dark night of death settles over all. No more the merry Christmas, but still a very happy one; and of all the presents Lillie received, the one she prized most was a case containing the old-fashioned brooch her mother had valued so highly, and the diamond pin which she had never worn.

Before Christmas came around again, there was another claimant for affection in the Beckerton family, to whom the whole household were as devoted as though a little angel had fallen down from heaven in their midst.

And then, whenever Lillie's companions teased her about her lover, her invariable answer was that she would never marry; the little one at home required her attention; but nevertheless, in the course of a few years, a young man who had made the tour of Europe, after graduating from college with the highest honors of his class, persuaded her that it would be a greater charity to pay a little attention to his welfare; and accordingly Miss Lillie Beckerton became Mrs. Alfred Grayson, notwithstanding he had once been sixteen and worn roundabouts. It will never be believed, if I mention the fact, that their daughter bears the name of Rachel. Mr. Grayson's consent to its being so named was obtained by having Leonora coupled with it, and it must be confessed that the child is called Nora more frequently than anything else. Lillie tells her husband she never can be sufficiently thankful that her father married again, and he tenderly assures her, that should occasion ever require, he will be sure and follow his example.

Edward is in Europe perfecting himself in the divine art, for which he so early showed an unmistakable genius.

No particular talent has been developed in the twins. They have given up making doll's clothes for Rosa (who now makes them all herself) and instead, have taken to embroidering cunning little dresses for their niece, of whom they are extravagantly fond. It is said that one of them is going to be married—some say Eva and others Effie. It is considered doubtful if the gentleman himself knows to which he is engaged.

Harry is as fond of fun and mischief as he was when younger, and sometimes plays practical jokes which are not very much relished; but as ever his warm, affectionate heart helps him through without much severe censure.

Rosa loves as dearly as ever to have a game of romps with her papa; and the remarkable baby, now grown into brother Charley, can contribute his share to the uproar.

Nora is as happy as the day is long, and whatever difference she may find in her feelings towards her own child and the others, it is never revealed by any partiality. Without being literary, she still finds time to read to her husband or to listen to him.

Whatever the world may think, there never was a happier couple, notwithstanding it was a second marriage, and ten years difference in their ages.

[THE END.]

Welsh Love of Music and Dancing.

A writer in Appleton's *Journal* says: In one aspect the Welsh people may be spoken of as a people whose lives are passed in the indulgence of their love for music and dancing. The air of Wales seems always full of music. In the Christmas season there is an unending succession of concerts and miscellaneous entertainments, of which music forms a part; while you cannot enter a tap-room where a few are gathered together, without the imminent probability that one or more will break forth in song. By this is not meant a general musical howl, such as is apt to be evoked from a room full of men of any nationality when very much under the influence of the rosy god; but good set songs, with good Welsh or English words to them, executed with respect for their work by the vocalists, and listened to with a like respect by the rest of the company. When an Englishman is drunk he is belligerent; when a Frenchman is drunk he is amorous; when an Italian is drunk he is loquacious; when a Scotchman is drunk he is argumentative; When a German is drunk he is sleepy; when an American is drunk he brags; and when a Welshman is drunk he sings. Sometimes he dances, but he does not do himself credit as a dancer under these circumstances; for when I speak of dancing I do not refer to those wooden paces and infections which pass for dancing in society, whether in Europe or America, and which are little more than an amiable pretext for bringing in contact human elements which are slow to mix when planted in chairs about a room. I refer to the individual dancing of men who do not dance for the purpose of touching women's hands, or indulging in small talk, but for the purpose of dancing; and who apply themselves seriously and skillfully to their work—to-wit, the scientific performance of the jig.

Auction of Young Ladies.

An interesting and novel experiment is to be tried soon in one of the Pittsburg, Pa., churches, which is as original as it is successful in the purpose for which it was instituted. The object of the institution to be treated of, is to raise money for church purposes, and a more fruitful source of revenue, in connection with pleasure, has not heretofore been discovered. The church got its idea from some churches in some of the Western cities. The *modus operandi* of the game, as it may be called, or auction, is about as follows: All the young ladies are mustered into the service, and are completely enveloped by the auctioneer, in sheets, so as to prevent the recognition by means of their dresses. Then their pretty faces, like those of the Turkish ladies, are completely veiled—a pillow-slip or something of that sort, is drawn down over it. They are permitted to have eye-holes to look through, and mouth-holes to breathe through—but nothing more. So they have them disguised entirely beyond recognition. Then the auctioneer proceeds to auction them off as partners for the evening to the young men, and even to old men, if their wives will permit them to bid. The bidding is almost sure to be lively. At a recent Western auction of this kind, the lowest price at which a young lady was auctioned off was $1.50. The fun of the thing is, the young men don't know who they are bidding for, and the unveiling of the maidens is looked forward to with great expectation. The gent has to attend to the lady bought during the evening, and to see her home at the close of the festival.

News of Interest

—Twenty-five years ago Josh Billings was an auctioneer in Plainfield.

—Mrs. Brooks, the butter sculptress, is still in her native city, Cincinnati.

—William E. Smith was on Monday inaugurated as Governor of Wisconsin.

—Three thousand dollars have been subscribed toward the Morton monument.

—Archibald Gordon, of Granville, N. C., is the father of twenty-seven sons by one wife.

—Mr. Marshall, the first discoverer of gold in California, still lives at Coloma, in that State.

—Brown's block, at Lagrange, Indiana, was destroyed by fire Monday. Loss, $30,000; insured.

—Both houses of the Ohio Legislature met Monday and organized by the election of Democratic officers.

—Henry Ward Beecher is said to be a good judge of beverages, of which he is a temperate, but critical, drinker.

—The State Nominating Convention of the New Hampshire Prohibitionists will be held in Manchester on the 23d.

—The old Capitol building at Milledgeville, Ga., is to be converted into a military school as a part of the State University.

—Prof. James Martin, of Shelbyville, Ind., died recently, leaving a collection of 100,000 beetles, the largest in the country.

—President Hayes will hold evening receptions on January 15, February 5 and February 26, from 8 till 10 o'clock P. M.

—General B. F. Butler has been engaged as counsel by ex-Senator Simon Cameron to defend him in the widow Oliver breach of promise suit.

—Hickox & Spear, suspended bankers of San Francisco, made an assignment Monday to their creditors. Assets, $358,180; liabilities, $355,400.

—The New York Board of Aldermen organized on Monday by the election of ex-Congressman Col. Wm. R. Roberts. The city debt is $117,741,650.

—The Dover, N. H., Republicans have elected Hayes delegates to the State Convention, and adopted resolutions strongly approving the President's policy.

—Sadie Sharp and Etta Hazeltine, aged respectively eleven and fifteen, broke through the ice on a pond near Hyannis, Mass., Sunday and were drowned.

—The clay model of the statue of Stephen A. Douglass, intended for the Illinois monument, has just been completed by the sculptor, Mr. L. W. Volk, of Chicago.

—Dennis Donnelly, a notorious Mollie Maguire, convicted of the murder of Wm. Sanger, in September, 1875, was sentenced at Pottsville, Pa., Monday, to be hanged.

—Hon. Richmond M. Pearson, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, died at Winston on Saturday night. He was seventy-three years of age.

—The Boston Health Board decides that diphtheria is "a disease dangerous to public health," within the meaning of the law, and it requires physicians to report all cases occurring in their practice.

—Among the ladies who "received" at the Capital on Tuesday last, was the venerable widow of Jackson's Secretary of War, General John Eaton. She wore a miniature in gold of "Old Hickory."

—The Standing Committee of the Diocese of Quincy, Ill., has unanimously consented to the confirmation of Dr. G. F. Seymour as Bishop of the Diocese of Springfield, and J. C. Eccleston as Bishop of West Virginia.

—Mayor Prince, of Boston, has never had his photograph taken, but has consented to sit now, upon his retirement from office, that his picture may be placed with those of his predecessors in the Mayor's Room in the City Hall.

—Mehemet Ali having been summoned before a court-martial at Constantinople, presided over by Raouf Pasha, fully succeeded in justifying himself. He accused Suleiman Pasha of being principally responsible for Turkish disasters.

—According to the Cumberland Presbyterian one-fifth of that church is to be found north of the Ohio river and east of the Mississippi, and two-fifths west of the Mississippi contains 25,142 church members, or one-fourth of the whole.

—A despatch from London announces the death of George William Frederick Brudenell-Bruce, second Marquis of Ailesbury. He was born in Lower Grosvenor street, London, in 1804. In 1837 he was married to the third daughter of the eleventh Earl of Pembroke.

—Respecting the war between Turkey and Russia the London *Post* publishes the following, in official form: "Another Cabinet council will be held on Wednesday; meanwhile important *pourparlers* are being held, telegraphically, with St. Petersburg. The probabilities of an armistice lessen rather than increase, but it is impossible to foresee what any moment may bring forth."

—The weather Monday morning was intensely cold in Middle and Northern New York, and the New England States. Along the valley of the Hudson the thermometer marked from three to ten degrees below zero. At Hartford, Conn., it marked from seven to fourteen below zero; Nashua, N. H., twenty-four below; Manchester, N. H., twenty-seven below; St. Johnsbury, Vt., thirty-six below. At Memphis, Tenn., the thermometer marked sixteen above zero at six o'clock in the morning.

—King Victor Emmanuel, of Italy, is dangerously ill. Professor Bacalli, of Rome, and Doctor Bruno, from Turin, have been summoned for consultation in regard to his condition. The left lower lobe of his right lung is congested, the whole right pleura is affected, and there is also intense intercostal neuralgic pain affecting the entire abdomen. This being only the second day of the malady, it is impossible to predict its issue. The King is in perfect possession of his mental faculties and is desirous of taking his usual part in the direction of affairs.

—Colonel Shafter testified before the Sub-Committee on Military Affairs of the U. S. House of Representatives, Monday, concerning affairs on the Rio Grande. Most of his statements were a repetition of facts already published. He said, among other things, that there was much less stealing on the border last year than during any previous year. In his expeditions into Mexico in pursuit of thieves he had always been treated with great cordiality by Mexican officers and by the respectable citizens of the frontier towns. In his military district the largest raids were made by Indians. "Within the last three or four months there has been a stronger army of Mexican troops on the frontier than at any time previously, in the interest of good order."

Facetiæ

—Cross-ties—Married couples who do not agree well together.

—A proper use of the poker is a *grate* help to a struggling fire.

—Is it quite correct to suppose the coal dealers necessarily belong to the *ton*?

—A dear Friend—A Quaker storekeeper who overcharges his customers.

—"At last I have found an opening," he exclaimed, and tumbled through the coal-hole into the cellar.

—The poet wrote of "Patience on a monument," but the physician's patients are generally found under it.

—As a politician the cat is a success. None can beat him in his efforts to maintain a position "on the fence."

—Man truly shows himself a son of Eve by his general determination to turn over a "*new leaf*" every New Year.

—Many women like men with the ring of the true metal about them, but most prefer them with a diamond ring.

—Unlike David, the livery-stable keepers this winter from the scarcity of snow-storms, will hardly *sleigh* their tens of thousands.

—It is noticeable that in all questions involving a slow-lighting fire and the use of kerosene, the third party to the dispute, the servant girl, generally gets the worst of it.

—The careful observer of the young and gushing will notice about this time the "sag" which last Summer characterized the front gate has been strangely transferred to one end of the parlor sofa.

—The authorship of "Beautiful Snow" may be in doubt, but that man certainly did not write it who has just slipped up on an ice spot treacherously covered by the feathery flakes, and dropped into an ash box.

—A chronic growler, who lived in a boarding-house, kept the landlady in a state of torment all through the recent holidays by always remarking at meal time: "Things are getting tough, I tell you."

—A scientist says that the tenth generation of a single fly numbers a quintillion insects. But there is not a bald-headed man who ever passed a warm day in church that will not say the amount is far too small.

—One of the sights which regale the heart of the philanthropist these days is seeing the number of young men coming out of the sample-rooms were they have been "swearing off" drinking with the New Year.

—Beware of dissipating your powers; strive constantly to concentrate them. Following this rule explains the success of the mule in kicking, as he generally manages to land both heels on the same button of a man's waistband.

—Of all Western cities Chicago is the one now least spoken of in Europe. This results from the emigrants from that place abroad being chiefly bank presidents, whose desire to be known by other than their works is quite natural.

—The mere fact that there is no light in the parlor is not conclusive proof that it is unoccupied. Be around about eleven o'clock evenings, and the interesting couple taking leave of each other at the front door will tell a far different story.

—Usually a man will swear to any required extent that his nose is on his face, but after a few moments glove exercise with an energetic master of the pugilistic art, he is generally prepared to argue in the affirmative that it is at the back of his head.

—A person living in this city was lately surprised at receiving as a present a box labelled "Ground Hog," and which, on opening, he found to contain a sausage. He immediately sent it back to the donor with the inscription: "One box of Bacon Powder."

—The latest most profitable case of "clubbing" in connection with literary publications happened up town where a man caught his neighbor stealing his paper and expressed his disapprobation of the proceeding through the agency of a piece of cord-wood.

—The fathers of the little George Washingtons of the present day, rarely give their sons an opportunity to illustrate the cherry tree business, furthermore than by early familiarizing them with the use of the axe in chopping wood for general domestic purposes.

—All his acquaintances were astonished that he should make love to such a homely woman, old enough to be his grandmother. But when they heard that he advocated specie payments, and was probably after the "dollars of the daddy," who was rich, they ceased wondering.

—To properly appreciate Tennyson the reader ought to recollect when in the midst of "Clara Vere de Vere" or the "Idylls," that the great bard, when his back itches, always prefers rubbing it against a door-jamb or a post, to scratching it squarely on the wall.

—The old saw says, "the good die early." This is probably an enigmatical manner of stating that young men of nineteen who accidently discover a small amount of down on their upper lips, think it necessary to make the barber's fortune by staining it with the various mixtures and dyes.

—It may be true that the rolling stone gathers no moss and that continual change is unprofitable, but that is no reason why the friends of the young blacksmith who was married some time ago, should chide him for thinking of starting a "Nursery," simply because they caught him carrying home a cradle.

—A man formerly on friendly terms with the "jim-jams," lately swore off and treated himself to a glorious New Year's dinner at his success. Plenty of mince-pies was one of its features and the spectres which accompanied the following night's slumber, were of such a character that he is again working for the *delirium tremens* as a relief.

A Harmless

and most delightful toilet preparation for beautifying the complexion and preserving the skin is Laird's "Bloom of Youth." Genuine prepared only by George W. Laird. It is perfectly simple and pure, and warranted free from any material detrimental to health. It is far superior to the old fashion beautifiers, such as powder, chalk, meen fun, etc., etc., for imparting youth and beauty to the skin. The "Bloom of Youth" is preferable to any other preparation offered for the same purpose. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods stores.

LOVE'S MESSENGERS.

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

Who will tell him? Who will teach him?
Have you voices, merry birds?
Then be voice for me and reach him
With a thousand pleasant words.
Sing my secret, east and west,
Till his answer be confessed?

Roses, when you see him coming,
Light of heart and strong of limb,
Make your lover-bees stop humming;
Turn your blushes round to him—
Blush, dear flowers, that he may learn,
How a woman's heart can burn.

Wind—oh, wind—you happy rover!
Oh that I were half so free—
Leave your honey-bells and clover,
Go and seek my love for me.
Find, kiss, clasp him, make him know
It is I who love him so!

The Modern Atalanta.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

"Ought I to marry her?"

"Did you ever see the play, Little Barefoot?"

"No. But what is there in it that applies to my circumstances?"

"Well, I'll tell you. In order to ascertain her true disposition, her lover is advised to secretly watch her conduct when provoked. If she shows the same gentleness under annoying circumstances, when she thinks herself unseen that she displays when he is present, it would be safe to say she is good tempered. Her sweetheart observes her in accordance with this advice, and discovering that what sets many women off into a tempest of passion, does not even ruffle her disposition, thanks Heaven for his good luck and marries her, with—let us hope—the happiest results."

"A good idea, truly, and worth thinking over."

The speakers were two young men, Sim Lewis and George Nevill, seated in the neatly furnished lodgings of the former in a moderate up-town residence. They were nearly of an age, being probably each about thirty years old. They had been drifting from topic to topic in their talk, and were now evidently settling down into a discussion of those veterans of man's conversational themes, women and marriage.

"You know, George," continued Lewis, after an interval occupied in the lighting of fresh segars, "though a certain young woman is on record as saying that it is an awful solemn thing not to get married, in my opinion it is a great deal more so, to perform that common but interesting ceremony. Therefore it is but right that all should make Love wait on Reason and Marriage on both. I'm well aware," he added, laughingly, "that the contrary method is the one usually followed."

"It does seem a little out of the regular order" remarked his companion, "for a man so far gone in love, as popular opinion makes me, to associate anything like bad temper with Mary, but I don't know how it is, that in spite of my undeniable liking for her, I hesitate about asking her to marry me. I have known *her* nearly two years and have always found her, to all appearances, the same well-disposed woman. It seems to me now almost degrading to imagine she possessed any qualities that might make the wheels of married life run less smooth."

"A great deal of harm is done in the affairs of Cupid as in other matters," said the more philosophical Sim, "by taking too much for granted or upon trust. You remember the old classical story of Atalanta and her lovers? Well stripped of poetical adjuncts that is nothing more than I would impress upon you now. By making it a condition of receiving her as a wife, that her husband should conquer her in fleetness of foot, or die in case of failure, she merely took the best means of testing whether he had those practical qualities of person and mind which were in that day desirable in a life-mate. I merely suggest a repetition of this wise procedure in your own case, with such modifications, of course, as the nobler social civilization of the Nineteenth century demands."

George Nevill appeared struck by his friend's remarks and for a few moments puffed so vigorously at his segar, that he appeared equally lost in smoke and thought. At length he said:

"Really, Lewis, you make me nervous with your half-insinuations. I almost wish the subject hadn't come up. My case before was an instance of bliss in ignorance, but now I begin to dread the idea of marriage as a Pandora's box that needs but the parson's lifting hand to raise the lid, and spread endless misery over all my life. I honestly wish you had kept your wise saws and ancient instances to yourself."

Still puffing energetically he rose and hurriedly paced the room.

His comrade eyed him askance through the smoke cloud, with a half smile. Then speaking in a partly bantering, partly apologetic tone he remarked:

"What I said, Nevill, was all for the best, be assured. Here you are, a poor clerk, earning perhaps eight hundred dollars a year. Your ways in spite of this have so far in the world been of pleasantness and peace. I know nothing of Mary Landon furthermore than what you have told me and I have seen. But while I regard her as a passably handsome girl so far as physical beauty is concerned, though her hair is an excited auburn, she is still not entirely faultless. Her father's rapidly gained wealth has given her opportunities for gaining many accomplishments, she once hardly looked forward to it is true, but it has also developed traits of character which a husband *in posse* should know. Hitherto the blind god has so obscured your mental sky with his shower of arrows, that you have been without light to notice this. I have seen, possibly, with clearer vision. I don't want to play the Vandal and ruthlessly tear down the glorious mansions Love has built, but remember we are stewards of our own eyes and must give account of their usage."

Nevill was on nettles during this discourse and as it was concluded he grasped Lewis by the hand and shook it heartily.

"I meant no offence, old boy," he exclaimed earnestly, "I know you too well to attribute your interest to any but the noblest motives. But," he continued perplexedly, "in all my experience I never heard, saw, or even read of anything like what you propose. The idea of setting out as a knight-errant, with matrimony in poise, to hunt for truth under such circumstances, is both novel and unprecedented. And what's more, taking up the question in all seriousness, how should we go about it?"

"There are a thousand ways, and all good. Wait, and the fullness of time will bring one forth. For the present, as the weather is pleasant, let us go out and walk."

This was hardly sooner agreed to than they were upon the street. It was a pleasant moonlit Summer evening, and though promenading was so pleasant many preferred the repose and coolness of the piazza or open parlor. It was, perhaps, the merest chance in the world that Nevill and Lewis passed by the home of Miss Landon; but as they did so it was also natural that Mary's mother, seated at the window, should speak to them, invite them to enter, and that under the circumstances they should accept, she opening the door for them herself. Inside, on her proposing to send for Mary, George said they would remain but a few minutes, and that it was, therefore, entirely unnecessary.

Their subsequent conversation was soon interrupted by a confused murmur of altercating voices from the sitting-room overhead, and in a moment, without any preliminary announcement whatever, save the three or four bumps which in a measure marked her rapid progress down the stairs, a servant-girl burst into the room, not noticing the gentleman in the excitement or gloom and blurted out with:

"Mrs. Landon, I want you to get another girl to-morrow. I wouldn't live another day in this house with that red-headed fiend, your daughter, if you paid me a mint of money to stay. I hope the toothache may never leave her, that I do from my heart."

Mrs. Landon managed to get breath enough to speak after this tirade, and the girl burst out crying at the same time. But the former's request that the latter would retire to the dining-room was hardly spoken, when Mary, whether the epithet alluding to her hair had raised her ire, or she came down simplyon general belligerent principles, entered the parlor with her jaws swathed in several folds of white cloth, and something similar in her hand. As short-sighted as her predecessor, she noticed no one but that individual in her wrath, and while Mrs. Landon was speechless with embarassment and mortification, condensed her opinion of the maid in a few brief, but emphatic expressions, ending by hitting her over the head with a missile that sounded as it struck with that peculiar sog characteristic of cold flaxseed poultice when violently agitated.

From the compendious history of the trouble which Mary delivered in the presence of her unintentional but interested audience, it seemed that, being affected with a violent toothache, she wished to prepare some medicament for its alleviation, but the servant had let the fire go out after supper, and refused to light it again for her benefit. This had precipitated matters, as well as the maid down the stairs, by starting the sufferer into a terrible display of passion, with the result stated.

As generally happens at such times after the worst is done sounder judgment prevails. Mary's anger had reached its culmination in her poulticing of the girl, and thence subsided; the servant, full of tears and flaxseed, bounced up to her chamber to prepare for departure and vengeance, while Mrs. Landon, calling her daughter's attention to her companions, who could not have previously made themselves heard, whether disposed or not, decided to make the best of a bad job.

Of course Nevill and Lewis withdrew as soon as possible, to admit of repairs all round. When they were in the street naturally they commented on the late domestic transactions.

"Another proof, Nevill," said Sim jocosely, "that there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will."

"I wouldn't have believed it of her unless I had seen it," was the reply.

"So much the better. I have long suspected Mary Landon of being a proud, over-bearing, ill-tempered girl. I had never seen it exhibited, however, and, therefore, when you asked my advice about proposing to her, I told you only what I knew and what I thought best. And now since we have seen what we have seen, I want to know what you intend to do about it?"

As they parted at Nevill's lodgings, he shook his chum's hand warmly and energetically replied:

"In her behold the modern Atalanta, but I, Hippomenes, unlike him of old, will rather die than win her."

HOW TO DETECT MARRIED PEOPLE.—The Deer Lodge (Montana) *New Northwest* lays down the following rules:

If you see a lady and gentleman disagree upon trifling occasions, or correcting each other in company, you may be assured they have tied the matrimonial noose.

If you see a silent pair in a car or stage lolling carelessly, one at each window, without seeming to know they have a companion, the sign is infallible.

If you see a lady drop her glove and a gentleman by the side of her, kindly telling her to pick it up, you need not hesitate in forming your opinion; or,

If you see a lady whose beauty and accomplishments attract the attention of every gentleman in the room but one, you have no difficulty in determining their relationship to each other—the one is her husband,

If you see a gentleman particularly courteous, obliging and good-natured, relaxing into smiles, saying sharp things and toying with every pretty woman in the room, excepting one, to whom he appears particularly cold and formal, and is unreasonably cross—who that one is, nobody can be at a loss to discover.

The rules above quoted are laid down as infallible in just interpretation—they may be resorted to with confidence, they are upon unerring principles, and deduced from every-day experience.

FRAUD IN GOODS.—A new fraud has been recently developed in the manufacture of woolen goods. The trick is to double the thickness, and therefore to the eye the warmth and value of the cloth, by glueing woolen "shearings" to one side of it. So skilfully is this done that even tailors are sometimes deceived. It is declared by the technical organ of the woolen manufacturers that some of the swindlers actually convert their unsold stock of summer cloth into winter cloth by this simple means. If this glue has been properly prepared with chrome salts it cannot be softened with water, and consequently the goods preserve their appearance for a week or two, and then the "shearings" begin to wear off, and the purchaser of a winter overcoat is left with only a thin and rather seedy summer paletot.

MOCK AUCTIONS.—An inquiry into the ways of mock auction men has revealed that they hire two or three women to attend the sales, carefully inspect articles that are to be sold, start the bidding at the articles cost price, and run it up among themselves until an outsider puts in a bid. It is then promptly knocked down—to the outsider.

—Nothing unnerves the average small boy so much as to be obliged to steal cookies out of a crock. To his strained senses that jarring of the cover sounds like the crack of doom.

The Result of Dime Novel Reading.

A Massachusetts paper says: A local illustration of the evil effect upon boys of the blood-and-thunder literature which is daily increasing both in quantity and trashiness is seen in a recent accident which befel a boy named La More. It has been stated in several papers that the severe scalp wound from which he is suffering was received while he was fooling with a revolver, but the real facts of the case are said to be as follows: La More and three boy friends were out walking in a field two or three weeks ago when it was suggested by one of the party that they have a game of cards. It appears that the boys had been lately reading "The Blear-Eyed Blinker of the Tuscaloosa Range," or "The Bloody Handed Demon of Dead Man's Gulch," or "The One-Eyed Screamer of Assassination Hollow," or "Slippery Sam's Sister," or other books of equally suggestive titles and edifying contents, for the game could not proceed until a solemn oath had been assumed by each boy that the strictest honesty and fair dealing was to be observed, and a loaded and cocked revolver had been placed on the ground between them. The revolver part of the business was absolutely necessary; it was explained by one who was posted upon the customs of California gamblers and border ruffians, and so the game was played "according to the book," each impersonated adventurer sharply watching the motions of his opponents. La More was the winner, and one of the losers, slowly rising and pointing the revolver at the former's head, said, with all the tragic earnestness befitting the occasion, "Buckey, you cheated, curse you." The boy forgot that the revolver was cocked, pressed his finger too hard on the trigger, a sharp report followed, and La More fell to the ground with the side of his head furrowed by the bullet. One inch nearer and the bullet would have entered his brain.

HOW RUBBER BOOTS ARE MADE.—The gum used is imported direct from France, South America and Central America, that from Central America being the best, while the African gum is the poorest. The raw gum, which is nearly white, is ground several times between immense fluted iron rollers, after which it passes through the composition room, which process is that of passing the rubber between chilled iron cylinders, of many tons weight, which are kept very hot and very smooth. A part of the rubber intended for "uppers" is here spread upon and fastened to long sheets of cloth. The heels and taps are stamped out of sheets of gum of the required thickness. The rubber cloth is now carried to the cutter's room, where it is cut out and sent to the bootmakers.

The boots are made by men, the shoes or ordinary rubbers by girls, while the overshoes are made by either. One man will make twelve or fourteen pairs of boots a day, and receive twenty cents a pair. After the bootmaker is through they are placed in an oven where for twelve hours they are subjected to a temperature of six hundred. They are then ready for boxing and shipping. In one factory about four thousand pairs of boots, rubbers and overshoes are turned out daily.

SPECTACLES AND MOUSTACHES IN THE FRENCH ARMY.—Among the lessons learned by the French in the late Prussian war is the fact that, with the aid of spectacles, short-sighted soldiers can fight as well as those whose sight is not affected. On the representation of Dr. Perrin, one of the professors of Val-de-Grace, a ministerial circular authorizes the rank and file, in common with officers, to wear spectacles whenever considered necessary. The consequence is, that myopic subjects who used formerly to be rejected, are now enlisted in the French army. Another ministerial circular ordering officers and soldiers to wear the moustache and beard has lately appeared. The latter is to be in the form of a *mouche*, consisting of only a small tuft under the lower lip—the style of the Royalists. This was superceded under the Empire by a fuller beard called the "imperial;" but those in the colonies have the option or not of wearing the full beard; all officers and soldiers to have their hair cut quite close. Thus, moustache or no moustache, beard or no beard in the French army, depends entirely on the whim of the commander-in-chief.

THE WEDDING RING.—As pledges of betrothal, or wedding gifts, rings are of very ancient origin. They were worn by Jews prior to Christian times. The reason why the ring was selected for the pledge was because anciently the ring was a seal by which all orders were signed, and matters of value secured, and therefore the delivery of it was a sign that the person to whom it was given was admitted into the highest friendship and trust; also that the wife was admitted a sharer in her husband's counsels, and a joint-partner in his honor and estate. In former times not only the ring, but the keys, were delivered to her at the marriage.

THE NUMBER "EIGHT."—The number nine has always been, and still is, remarked as possessing uncommon powers and producing coincidences in an extraordinary degree. Yet there can scarcely be a greater number of coincidences than were exemplified in the number eight in the life of the Caliph Motassem, called, from his accidental claims, by the name of "Octonary" (eight.) He gained eight battles against the enemies of the Koran; he was the eighth of the Abbasides; he reigned eight years, eight months, and eight days; he left eight sons, eight daughters, eight thousand slaves, and eight millions of gold.

A VAIN PROVISION.—In the year 1670, an act was introduced in the English Parliament "that all women of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether virgins, maids, or widows, that shall, from and after such an act, impose upon, deceive and betray into matrimony, any of his Majesty's male subjects, by scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered dress, shall incur the penalty of the laws now enforced against witchcraft, sorcery, and such like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, stand null and void."

TITLES OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—When the Prince of Wales writes his autograph in full he adds to his other titles that of "Citizen and Mercer and Grocer and Fishmonger and Goldsmith and Merchant Tailor and Clothworker." Don't believe he often writes it "in full."

A MOMENT.

BY F. W. B.

When the lightning flashes by night,
The raindrops seem
A million jewels of light
In the moment's gleam.

And often in gathering tears,
A moment of love
To jewels will turn the tears
That it cannot remove.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, have issued another volume of their fascinating "No Name Series," called "The Wolf at the Door." It is a pleasant and yet quite powerful little romance, and is full of both quiet humor and pathos, which prove its author a master of effect. It contains 242 pages, and is uniform with the others of the series in printing and binding. 16mo.; bound in cloth, cardinal red and black. Price $1.00. For sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city, have published a new philosophy of matter showing the identity of all the imponderables and the influence which electricity exerts over matter in producing all chemical changes, all motion and rest. By George Brewster. Second revised edition, with important additions, etc., and an extensive appendix upon electricity as a curative agent, by A. H. Stevens, M. D., L. D., of Philadelphia. Dr. Stevens has done full justice to the work of Professor George Brewster, and his emendations are every way as valuable and original as those of his predecessor, whose work he has edited. The work contains 13 chapters upon the subjects of electricity, galvanism, oxygen and hydrogen, animal electricity and electric pathology, electro-magnetism, light, heat, magnetic attraction, the aurora, gravitation, cohesion, and the motion of the planets. Part II consists of an introduction and two chapters upon the medical use of electricity in healing disease with instructions for practice. The appendix is a well written dissertation upon the philosophy of the telegraph. This work of Dr. Stevens' contains much that is scientific and new to most of the world, having never before been published and circulated. The Doctor has made new and vitally important discoveries with regard to the use of some of our organism hitherto unknown.

The book contains nearly 400 pages of large duodecimo size, in good readable type, on fine paper, handsomely bound in cloth and can be obtained either from the publishers or the author, at No. 1630 Green street, Philadelphia, or his authorized agents.

One of the wittiest and most laughable books of the season comes from the New York *World*—in the shape of "Fables," by G. Washington *Æsop*, taken "anywhere, anywhere, out of the World." These fables have appeared from time to time in the columns of the *World*, and have been largely copied and enjoyed. They are full of absurd conceits, wit and sparkle, and were evidently written by a genius. *Æsop* is parodied so laughingly that even the quaint old capitalizing of some of the words in his fables is insisted upon, and the effect is very funny. The illustrations by F. S Church are in perfect keeping with the text. We quote one fable:

"THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE."

The Hare once challenged the Tortoise to a Trial of Speed. The Hare frisked about merrily, paying little attention to his Rival, or jeering him for his Slowness. The Tortoise, however, plodded along steadily and had well nigh reached the Goal, when the Hare observed his Progress. Away darted the Hare like lightning and won the Race.

MORAL.—The Race is not always to the slow.

The above unique little *brochure* is sold for fifty cents a copy.

MAGAZINES.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, send us the "supplement" to the January number of the "Popular Science Monthly." It contains ten very excellent papers, upon seasonable topics. Sir Thos. Watson has a good essay upon "Hydrophobia and Rabies," which is of interest to the general reader as well as to the scientist. "The Weaknesses of Great Men" is an enjoyable paper. "The Greek Mind in Presence of Death," is a most thorough and scholarly review of the subject. Prof. Goldwin Smith has a paper on "The Ninety Years Agony of France." Louis Kossuth—"Russians aggression as especially affecting Austria, Hungary and Turkey." Alfred R. Wallace, F. R. S., writes upon the "Pyschecological Curiosities of Skepticism." Edward B. Tylor reviews Dr. Ploss on "The Child." Arthur P. Stanley has a good article on "The Education of After-life," and W. Stanley Jevons, F. R. S., closes the number with "John Stuart Mills, Philosophy Tested." This supplement is rich in matter, and will be found a valuable number. Price, 25 cents.

From James Vicks, of Rochester, we have received "Vicks' Illustrated Catalogue and Floral Guide" for 1878. This is a beautiful and valuable little pamphlet for gardeners, florists, and farmers, and is worthy of the success it receives.

The Orange Judd Company, of New York, send us "The American Agriculturalist" for 1878. This useful and welcome magazine keeps up its "old time" merit in matter and in illustration. It is full of valuable papers of interest, not only to agriculturalists, but to all readers, and keeps pace with the rapid advance of scientific thought in every department. Terms, $1.50 per annum, in advance. Single number, 15 cents.

NEW MUSIC.

Messrs. S. Brainard's Sons, of Cleveland, Ohio, send us "Kitty's Reply," song and chorus, Qui Vive Quickstep, Golden Dreams' Waltz, and Once Again Schottische—each piece forming a part of "Fresh Garlands," a collection of easy and instructive piano pieces, by Charles Kinkel. Messrs. S. Brainard's Sons also send us "Gold-dust Galop," by Miss Ida J. Bradford, "In Future Years," song and chorus, by A. H. Rosewig. "Will the Dear Old Times Come Back Again," song and chorus, by Max Vernor. "We Meet Again, Boys," being No. 1 of a choice collection of secular quartettes for male and mixed voices, by———. "Awake My Love, (same collection) for male voices. "Merrily Goes the Mill," for mixed voices. "Rowing Swiftly Down the Stream," male voices. "Come Where the Birds are Singing." "One Christmas Tide," by Marion—song. "Swedish Wedding March," four hands, "Sunshine Waltz," by Henry M. Brainard.

A TRAMP'S DEVICES.—Here is a Baltimore tramp's tale: "At Perryville, I went to a house with a brick in my hand, and asked the lady if she would please be so kind as to put some butter on it. The request excited her curiosity, and she asked: 'Why do you want to put butter on a brick?' I told her I was going to eat it. 'Surely,' she said, 'you are not so hungry as to eat a buttered brick?' 'Come into the house and I will give you food.' I begged a square meal, for which I had set so nice a trap. In the western section of the State I asked for something to eat at a house and was refused. I then begged for a looking glass, which aroused curiosity to know what I would do with it. I replied, 'I want to see myself starving to death.' They then gave me what I wanted."

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

CRANBERRY JELLY.—To one quart of berries put one pint of water and one pint of sugar, and let them boil half an hour without stirring, then take off the jelly with a spoon, and what remains will make good sauce.

MUFFINS.—Beat one egg thoroughly, to which add a quart of warm milk, a spoonful of butter, a little salt and sufficient corn meal to make a stiff batter. Bake in rings in a quick oven. They will be found delicious.

RAILWAY CAKE.—Two cups of flour, one of sweet milk, two eggs well beaten, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one cup of sugar. Mix into a batter and drop into buttered tins. Bake 20 minutes.

STONE GINGERBREAD.—One pint of molasses, a teacup of sour or buttermilk, a tablespoonful of ginger, two spoonsful of melted butter, two teaspoonsful of soda dissolved, and flour enough to roll. Roll about half an inch thick and bake in a quick oven.

PORK CAKE.—One pound of fresh fat pork chopped fine, one pint of boiling water, one pint of molasses, two cups of brown sugar, one pound each of raisins and currants, half a pound of blanched almonds chopped, one ounce of mixed spices, heaping teaspoonful soda, one glass of brandy, and flour enough to make stiff.

POTATO PUDDING.—Boil fine, large potatoes and press them through a seive; stir in powdered loaf sugar to suit your taste; add the yolks of two or three eggs, also, a few drops of lemon essence, then add the whites of the eggs whisked to a froth. Mix quickly and well, and pour into a plain mould buttered and crumbed, and bake for 20 minutes in a quick oven.

CABBAGE PICKLE.—Quarter a firm cabbage—the red is preferable if it can be obtained—sprinkle with salt and let it lie for 24 hours, wipe dry as possible with a soft cloth and place in a jar, over it pour cold apple vinegar. Add white mustard seed, one stick of mace, a race of ginger, a stick of cinnamon and a few cloves. Will be ready for use in a week.

GINGER PUDDING.—Half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of suet, quarter of a pound of moist sugar, two large teaspoonfuls of grated ginger. Shred the suet very fine, mix it with the flour, sugar, and ginger; stir all well together; butter a basin, and put the mixture in dry, tie a cloth over, and boil for three hours.

TO BROIL OYSTERS.—Use a double gridiron that folds together; grease the bars, which prevents sticking, then dip each oyster into melted butter, place on the iron enough to cover it, have a brisk fire, and broil; constantly baste with butter; when done, serve on very hot dishes. Use no crackers or crumbs of any kind.

MIXED PERFUMES.—Some of the most costly perfumes of the present day are nothing more than combinations of old-time perfumes brought out under a new name. Now, we will take Eau de Cologne as a basis, and add and combine, so that with Patchouli and lavender water we can make half a dozen different perfumes, varying the quantity of each, and every one, though containing the same ingredients, will have a different perfume.

COUGH SYRUP.—One ounce of thoroughwort, one ounce of flaxseed; simmer together in one quart of water until the strength is entirely extracted; strain carefully; add one pint of best molasses and half-pound loaf sugar; simmer them thoroughly together, and when cold bottle tight. A few doses of one teaspoonful at a time will alleviate the most distressing cough of the lungs, subdues any tendency to consumption, breaks up entirely the whooping-cough, asthma, bronchitis, and all affections of the lungs and throat. It is simple, safe and effective.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FALL AND WINTER CABBAGE.—For a fall or winter cabbage none of the new discovered varieties are equal to the old flat Dutch. And it will do yet to sow the seeds for plants for transplanting.

SAVING SOOT.—The soot from the chimneys should be saved. A pint of soot to a pailful of water will make a liquid manure of great value for flower beds and plants of all kinds.

SETTING OUT FLOWERS.—Do not put flowers in straight rows anywhere. Do not crowd your flowers, and especially do not crowd a large number in the front yard. A very few and very choice is the best taste.

LEGAL BUSHEL OF OATS.—A legal bushel of oats must weigh 30 pounds in Maine, New Hampshire and New Jersey; 34 pounds in Canada, 36 pounds in Oregon, 35 in Missouri, 33 in Iowa, and 32 pounds in Massachusetts, New York and most other States.

DESTROYING INSECTS.—An "Insect Society," organized at Grand Haven, Mich., seems to be doing a good work. Before the organization went into effect not 5 per cent of the fruit was saved from the depredations of insects. Now more than 75 per cent. is matured. It shows that insect enemies may be circumvented.

HOUSE PLANTS.—One prolific cause of the failure of house plants is that insufficient attention is given to keeping the earth in the pots warm. The plants often get sun enough but the pots are covered with moss or fancy work, through which the warming sun rays never penetrate. The roots remain cold and grow feebly and the plants themselves soon pay the penalty of cold feet and "malarial" food.

KILLING POULTRY.—The French mode of killing poultry, causing instant death and perfect bleeding, is accomplished by opening the beak of the fowl, and with a sharp-pointed and narrow-bladed knife make an incision at the back of the roof of the mouth, which will divide the vertebræ and cause immediate death, after which the fowls are hung up. They are then picked while warm. In this way the skin presents a natural appearance.

MONEY IN FRUIT.—The high price of apples gives the steady-going fruit-growers another benefit. Taking ten or even five years together, there is more profit from the orchard than from any other crop. The apple is the real stand-by among fruits. It is wanted throughout the whole year, and is the least liable to disease or failure. The judicious farmer plants with his eyes on the market, in selecting his varieties; he chooses the most sheltered locality and favorable soil; he looks out and has young trees growing to take the place of his veterans, and he takes care of his orchard.

AIR AND LIGHT.—Every one knows that a plant grown in the dark is weak and colorless; and if it has plenty of light and little air, while it will have the natural color, it will be slender and sickly. The gardener, therefore, is careful to give his green-houses and hot-beds, not only light but air at every convenient opportunity. In winter he hails a bright, sunny day with delight. Plants will suffer from a current of cold air just as their owner would, but will be benefited by an invigorating breath of fresh air. Provide therefore, for air in some ways, especially on pleasant days.

TEST OF A GOOD COW.—It is said that the color of the inside of the cow's ear affords an infallible guide to the selection of a good butter cow. If the skin on the outside of the ear is of a rich yellow or orange color and the lining of the ear is covered with an oily secretion, the cow will be sure to give a good quality of milk, rich in butter. Cows that produce a high-colored butter have a large amount of the secretion, the inside of the ear being of an orange tint. On the other hand, light-colored butter-makers present a scanty, thin and pale-yellow secretion, in some cases found only at the bottom of the ear, while the inside lining is of a correspondingly pale undefinable color.

HOW SAMOAN DANDIES ARE TATTOOED.

Scarcely a youth of seventeen is to be found among the Samoanites who is not elaborately tattooed. Candlenut ashes and water are used for coloring matter. That part of the body from the waist to the knee is covered with a variegated pattern, that at a short distance resembles lace-work. The operation consumes two or three months, and the operator is generally careful about his pay. When he gets half through he demands his recompense, and if it is not forthcoming he refuses to finish his work. A young man is in disgrace if he goes about half tattooed. The girls laugh at him, and the men scorn him. The process is very painful, and the victims are dieted while undergoing it. Some become mere skeletons before they are completed, but it is the fashion, and they are repaid by the admiring glances of the women. The gentler sex are rarely tattooed. Sometimes a delicate garter is seen twining around the leg, sometimes an armlet, or a strawberry design in the middle of the back, but such instances are rare.

HUMAN HAIR.

A few years ago the traveling agents of the Paris hairdressers were able to obtain from the peasant girls of Brittany and Avergne a sufficient supply of tresses of all shades, and there was some amusement to be obtained from watching the effects of the arrival of these travelers in a remote village. When it was known that the representatives of two or three rival houses were in the neighborhood—the girls would betake themselves to some open spot—even the market-places served the purpose—and taking their places on a high settle would unfasten their hair and allow it to become the object of a regular auction and the property of the highest bidder. The principal seat of the hair trade now is Marseilles, but the methods to which the dealers have to resort to obtain their necessary supplies are the reverse of pleasant to enumerate. The least revolting is that by which numbers of young children are employed to pick up in the streets or elsewhere the "combings" which are thrown away each morning from every lady's dressing-table. The ragpicker and such like make often a rich harvest in this way, and it is computed that eighty thousand pounds of hair is thus obtained annually and remade into long tresses or elegant chignons for dainty ladies to wear.

TEARLESS LUNATICS.—One of the most curious facts connected with madness is the utter absence of tears amid the insane. Whatever the form of madness, tears are conspicuous by their absence, as much in the depression of melancholia, or the excitement of mania, as in the utter apathy of dementia. If a patient in a lunatic asylum be discovered in tears, it will be found that it is either a patient beginning to recover, or an emotional outbreak in an epileptic who is scarcely truly insane, while actually insane patients appear to have lost the power of weeping; it is only returning reason which can once more unloose the fountains of their tears. Even when a lunatic is telling one in fervid language how she has been deprived of her children, or the outrages that have been perpetrated on herself, her eye is never even moist. The ready gush of tears which accompanies the plaint of the sane woman contrasts with the dry-eyed appeal of the lunatic. It would, indeed, seem that tears give relief to feelings which, when pent up, lead to madness. It is one of the privileges of reason to be able to weep. Amid all the misery of the insane they can find no relief in tears.

QUEEN VICTORIA COMPARATIVELY POOR.—"How about her being penurious, and having accumulated a colossal fortune from the allowance voted her by the State?" "Her fortune, whatever it may be, has come from judicious investments which were made by the Prince Consort. He was a most sagacious business man, and he invested in directions which have yielded lucrative returns. You have no idea what it costs to keep up an establishment. When Dr. Langley was Archbishop he was entitled to various livings whose yield was nearly £200,000 per annum; and yet such was the expense of the archiepiscopal position that he died in penury; and were it not that the Queen secured the admittance of his daughter to Hampton Court she would have been without a roof to cover her head. The Marquis of Bute has an income from his estate of £500,000 a year, but so much of this has to go back to keep up the estates that his actual net income is less than a twelfth of this amount. In the case of the Duke of Chatworth, 200 servants sit down to his tables, and they, in turn, have each a servant to wait on them. The same thing prevails everywhere, and applies to the Queen as to all others.

MOHAMMEDAN SCHOOLMASTERS. — Baker's Syria and Egypt under the Last Five Sultans (a.): "A schoolmaster's testimony is not valid in a Mohammedan court of law, because it is believed that he must have been mad before he undertook to teach children, or the children must have driven him crazy by the noise they made repeating their lessons aloud all at the same time."

HABIT hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind that there is scarce anything too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser, who, from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and, with great delight and triumph, picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable.

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PHILADELPHIA
1821
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INEXPENSIVE JOYS.

Nature intended that we should live cheaply and enjoy God's free sunshine and air, the companionship of healthy and happy minds, the blessings of the sight of the blue heavens, the odor and color of flowers, the glory of forests in spring, in summer, in autumn, and in winter, the sweet society of children, and the ecstacies of the ocean. All these are inexpensive joys, and if we cannot appreciate them, we are to be pitied, and we should strive, with an earnest endeavor of gratitude to the Giver, to learn to appreciate them.

True happiness is cheap. It costs nothing. Given a healthy body, a sound mind, and man can enjoy keenly what is around him, in all circumstances. Wealth only intensifies our discontent and creates for us desires that make us miserable. The science of happy life has for its chief axiom this truth, that our blessings and our joys are in our own hands, and that money does not, and can not, create happiness.

To the person who thinks philosophically (and we should all educate ourselves to be philosophers, or lovers of wisdom) there is nothing in God's universe which is not of interest, which is not calculated to entrance and delight us. Even in the dark gloom of the depravity of human nature, there is something to make us cheerful, for we see that man is struggling with a destiny, and is becoming, step by step, victor.

Above all, are humble homes the happiest, and it is in the quiet, unromantic, unfevered life—whether in the country or in the city, that one sees the most cheerful firesides, the happiest homes, the merriest children, the most exemplary and best of wives, and the kindest and best of husbands. We are all of us, children of earth, prone to take delight in the joys and trifles of life—therefore the least expensive of these bring the highest pleasure, and there is neither comfort nor morality in discontent.

ALL THE DEPARTMENTS OF THE POST will increase in interest with each successive number, and we are glad to announce that there will be, during the coming year, a series of the best serials and short stories that ever appeared in any paper in the country.

SANCTUM CHAT.

"EXTREMES meet," and this is proved by the fact that the ice and coal dealers are both dependent upon a hard winter for their success. It is not fair that science has invented a machine to make ice, unless it could construct a corresponding affair to create means of warmth also without the necessity of black diamonds.

THE English language of to-day has reached such a pitch of perfection that we are almost persuaded to look out for the advent of a new and a great poet. England has the honor of having the greatest and the last; it now behooves America to produce a poet who shall embody in his verse the genius of his people and of his great country.

DEQUINCY says: "In the false homage of the modern press towards women, there is horrible sycophancy." This remark of his touches upon the vexed question of sex in education, and while not flattering to femininity, still may be true enough practically. We must, however, protest against the ungallantry of the phrase, and say that in our opinion women are capable of as great, as wonderful, and as heroic things as men, and their minds seem to move in calmer circles and to comprehend more keenly. DeQuincy, however, does full justice to the genius of women in many ways in the essay from which the above is a quotation—"Joan of Arc,"—and there never was more gorgeous language, more exalted eloquence than he uses in his praise of the heroism of the martyred Joan. His essay is a wonderful one, and will convince the reader of the great writer's powers.

IT is rumored that Paris is trying to revive the fashions of the Middle Ages, that is to say for the feminines only, and of course such costumes will not necessarily make the fair sex middle-aged; but, in our opinion, will tend to render them even more captivating than ever. But we think the other sex ought to have an equal chance to array itself in gorgeous robes of silk and velvet, as of yore, and to wear scarlet hose and silver and gold lace, and fillagree swords, and all the sumptuous finery of the ancient days. The dreary look of the masculine black dress suit takes away the novelty of life, and we ought certainly to have more color in our clothes. The Roman toga was a graceful garment, but perhaps our crowded street cars would play the deuce with it if it were in fashion now. Yet, let us at least yearn for something more beautiful than the stove-pipe hat, the claw-hammer coat, and that outrageous wrap called the Ulster.

THE little Emperor of China is progressing in his studies they say. He is only seven years of age and yet they are hard at work in that strange kingdom trying to make a scholar out of him. In the Jou-King room, as it is called, (the joking room probably) of the Imperial palace the little fellow sits cramming into his lilliput noddle the Mant-Choo and Mongol languages and literature. His Royal Highness does not take to European languages, however. The physical part of his education is more acceptable to the boy. It consists of riding, archery, swimming and boating and all the other bodily exercises, and it must be a great relief to the youth when school is out and he can take a canter over the hills on a fast horse and forget all about the gibberish of his native land. By an arrangement which would suit many a school boy here, the mannikin Emperor has a young companion who is especially appointed to receive all the floggings which the Prince himself ought to get!

To those who imagine the artist works out at once in the heat of his inspiration his design upon the canvass, we would say that such a thing has never occured in the history of art, and never has a finished picture been accomplished by inspiration alone or by disorderly modes of execution and slap-dash. To make a painter one has to master with the severest drudgery in the world, the technical part of the art, and failing to do this he fails to express himself. It is true that Fortuny painted many of his pictures at once. That is to say they were actual transcripts from nature, copied in the open air, and finished at a sitting. They were finished simply because Art could go no further, and Fortuny was such a master that he knew the value of every touch. An ordinary artist would have spent days elaborating the same picture, and when finished it would not have the breadth, effect and auspices of the work of the master of the *technique*, simply because the means were either insufficiently studied or imperfectly appreciated. Therefore to make an artist one has to learn drawing, and drawing is the greatest and most difficult of all mortal tasks; for to draw properly one must not only delineate form, but light and shade and color and do it at once without any afterwork. This can only be done after years of the hardest labor.

COMIC papers, as a rule, do not succeed in our midst. Every year scores of well-illustrated and well-edited comic sheets are issued and disappear as first-class failures. The reason for this is that in our country nearly every paper devotes a large portion of its space to comicalities and quaint Americanisms, and there is no need for having the fun bottled up in a special paper like *Punch*. Very many of the provincial journals here have become famous through their humor, and increased their circulation thereby to an astonishing extent. American humor is very quaint and very characteristic and is also as Protean in its changes as is American slang, but we as a nation look more favorably upon the purely absurd than upon the really humorous. Dickens and Charles Lamb, for Englishmen, exhibit some of the traits of American oddity in their works. Sam Weller is certainly a Yankee. Yet there is more real wit and humor in Dickens and in Charles Lamb than in many an American humorist; but in the American there is more of the *grotesquerie* of speech and absurdity of idea which, if not wit, is a sparkling substitute for it and we enjoy it heartily. Hence the popularity here of Ethiopian minstrelsy and all the burn cork extravagance which is certainly funny, whatever else we may call it.

THE readers of Hawthorne's English notes is apt to be somewhat amused by this great author's almost puerile love for the odds and ends of antiquity—such as old armor, historic tombstones and royal jewelry; but Hawthorne's love, his reverence for old cathedrals had in it something akin to his genius—which revelled in sombre and mysterious places, and it would be well for all of us if we appreciated this species of veneration with more of the zest and feeling which it deserves. Hawthorne had a deep enthusiasm for cathedrals, not from any religious feeling, but because his soul seemed to have reached a certain earthly haven of rest, peace, tranquility and poetry, when in the gloom and "dim religious light" of the old minsters. There is something peculiarly awe-inspiring and grand in an ancient Gothic pile of architecture which has not been built as we build nowadays, but has literally grown up through long centuries, and which has ever been dedicated to the worship of God. We see nothing of the kind in this country. Our churches are built up like our houses for present needs, and they smell of damp plaster, and they show all the imperfections of haste. Not so do the grand old cathedrals of Europe appear. The wealth, the wit and the wisdom of the old ages were consecrated to the church, and the sublime embodiment of that consecration is seen in such structures as York and Canterbury Cathedrals in England; in Strausburg and in Florence and Rome. Perfect art is seen here in architecture, and the effect is overwhelming to the mere sense.

THE PHANTOM DOG WHISTLE.

Two singular incidents, which will furnish nuts to crack to unbelievers in the supernatural, have recently come to light in England in regard to the loss of the Avalanche in the British channel. A lad, who was a great friend of one of the apprentices who was lost, made arrangements to accompany him down the channel and come ashore with the pilot, but, at the last moment before sailing, he was seized with such an uncontrollable misgiving that he declined to go, and thus escaped almost certain death. The apprentice who was lost had a retriever dog who was very fond of him, and which answered to a shrill dog-whistle that he carried. On the night of the shipwreck his mother and aunt were in the sitting room, and the dog in the kitchen. Between 9 and 10 o'clock the ladies were startled by hearing a shrill whistle upstairs, in sound resembling that of the dog-whistle used by the young man. The dog heard it also, gave his usual recognizing bark, and bounded upstairs, where he supposed his master was. The whistle was heard just about the time that the Avalanche went down, and it was heard by two credible witnesses, whose testimony was confirmed by the response made to it by the dog of the lost sailor.

COLORING CIGARS.

The artificial dyeing of cigars has as yet attracted but little attention among smokers, and is conducted very quietly and is apparently harmless, yet under all circumstances it should be condemned. Every artificial change of a natural product like tobacco, to give it a better appearance, should of itself be branded as improper. Then we must take into consideration the fact that the natural color of the cover has an essential influence upon the strength of the cigar, and consequently most smokers place great value on the color. By artificial coloring, on the contrary, the judgment is deceived, and it makes it impossible to determine the quality of the cigar from the color of the cover; for every dealer now has it in his power to make splendid dark cigars from his very light ones without any trouble. But we have especially to notice that now poor-colored and refuse cigars may acquire a fine color and be sold for good ones. On all these grounds, dyeing cigars must be ranked as an adulteration for the purpose of swindling the public. Unfortunately no means have yet been devised whereby the people can distinguish such cigars in all cases from the genuine. All we can do at present is to call attention to the fact and recommend caution in the matter.

HOME CULTURE.

XXIX.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America,

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER IX—[CONTINUED.]

And a remedy is suggested by more than one writer on the instruction and education of the young. Chancellor Kent says, "Without some preparation made in youth for the sequel of life, children of all conditions would probably become idle and vicious when they grow up, from want of good instruction and habits, and the means of subsistence, or from want of rational and useful occupations. A parent who sends his son into the world without educating him in some art, science, profession or business, does great injury to mankind as well as to his son and his own family; for he defrauds the community of a useful citizen and bequeaths to it a nuisance. This parental duty is strongly inculcated by the writers on natural law. Solon was so deeply impressed with the force of the obligation that he even excused the children of Athens from maintaining their parents, if they had neglected to train them up to some art or profession. The parent who trains his child for some especial occupation and who at the same time is able to inspire in him genuine self-respect, that corner stone for the great work of life—for there is no work like that of self-education—has done his share towards contributing a useful citizen instead of a nuisance, to the ranks of humanity." Another writer upon the education and training of girls says, "The one thing needed to give us a generation of modest, chaste gentlewomen in our daughters is—mothers. Mothers who know their business and who do it; motherswho have the sense to see that there is a time in a young woman's life, as in a man's, when animal spirit, or excess of vitality, needs outlet: mothers who can guide their daughters through this strait in all purity, enlightening them as to the nature of evil and instructing them in that positive good, which crowds out evil. Why is it that we sometimes find lovely daughters of lovely mothers, who have been guarded carefully by all the circumstances of their lives from temptation and trial, brought up in the midst of pure influences, early taught by precept and example the fear of God, and the happiness that comes from doing good, have yet sunk away before temptation and become corrupted and wretched? Is it not because there is no strength to the character, no power to resist evil, no assurance of continuance in well doing, where the work of self-discipline and self-education begun by the mother has not been continued by the daughter? It is of the utmost importance for her child's moral, spiritual and temporal welfare that the mother should begin this work with correct ideas as to the relations of innocence and virtue; for with many there is a great confusion as to the meaning even, of these words. The literal meaning of virtue is strength, efficacy, power. It should be the mother's object to educe strength of character, and then virtue becomes easy.

To ignore the existence of sin, error, misery, is in reality to encourage and to increase them. It is like walking upon thinly crusted lava, or upon treacherous ice, certain to prevent saving others, ready indeed to engulph all who trust to it.

In the following chapter will be found the opinion of a writer on this subject, who nearly twenty years ago wrote with an earnestness which must have been appreciated by more than one mother then, and a discernment which is needed to be shared by all parents now, who seek to discriminate and choose for their children the proper books for them to read, the proper companions for them to have, and the proper habits for them to acquire.

CHAPTER X.

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE AND THE INFLUENCE OF BOOKS IN FORMING CHARACTERS.

A Persian ambassador asked the wife of Leonidas why they paid such honors to the women at Lacedæmonia. "It is," replied she, "because they have entirely the forming of the men."

Children are what the mothers are:
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant's heart.
—Landor.

Great as are the responsibilities of a mother, she must not be left to bear all the blame when the characters of her children have not developed as she endeavored to form them. Much depends, as we have seen, upon transmitted qualities of mind and heart, and upon the temperament of the child, and much also depends upon the example of young persons with whom they are thrown, and the influence of books which they are permitted to read. Judicious mothers who study the inherited peculiarities and the temperaments of their children, who guard them from associates whose influence is evil, who will not permit their daughters to read books which have not first been overlooked, will be better able to train up their children in the way they should go than are those who give no thought to such subjects.

Rev. Morgan Dix, S. T. D., in an essay entitled, "Sensation Romances and Novel Poison," attributes the deterioration of individual character and the poisoning of society, which are conspicuous among the signs of the times, to indiscriminate novel reading. A glance at the plots of some of the most popular novels of the day, he tells us, shows little but crudities, follies, and social frauds, not held up for reprobation they merit, but to demonstrate that to be quiet, decent and mannerly, is to be stupid and dull; that if you wish to be thought interesting and brilliant, you must be fast and free; that it is natural and right to do the meanest and most odious things, and that everyone would do them if placed under like circumstances; that it is high-toned and high-spirited to be treacherous and uncontrollable; that so long as persons do not utterly throw themselves away, they may love whom they please; that husbands and wives are of all persons the least to each other; that a disorderly passion has more depth, beauty, and sacredness in it than a solemn vow at God's altar; that the state of holy matrimony is a tyranny of bondage under which to chafe is no sin. The result of all this, he continues, is unfortunately too plain; most evident in the manners of the young women of the period. There can be no doubt that the standard of womanhood is declining. How could it be otherwise? Girls can in no way be more certainly destroyed than by giving them a false idea of life; by perverting their moral sense, by weaving a web of unreality about them; by taking from them the right idea of duty, loyalty, and honor; by making them see everything in a false light till they are filled with fantastic notions and have lost the habit of simplicity and sincerity. With such models as those before them, and with no one to tell them what abominable characters they are, it is natural that they should imitate what they have learned to admire, and that when they come to act their part in life, they do as the light women do in their favorite stories. * * * * The slow deterioration in manners and morals is going on among the lowly and the high, in the homes of elegance and fashion, in the apartments of the working classes in town, in the cottages and farm houses from which the victims population of the city is fed. * *, * * In multitudes of cases, perhaps in the greater part of them, the household sorrow and the household wreck may be traced to the working of a poison distilled into the unhappy family through a literature which ought to be driven like offscourings from every respectable library and every circle of honest people."

Vincent Murray, writing in the *Contemporary Review*, tells us that the chief caterers if not consumers in this line, are women, closing his paper with the assertion that the society which reads and encourages such literature is a "whited sepulchre," which, if it be not speedily cleansed by the joint effort of pure men and women, will breed a pestilence so foul as to poison the very life-blood of the nation.

Dr. Dix, commenting upon this, says: "The same may be said of our own people, and such joint effort to save the young was never more needed than now. What we ought to aim at is the forming and deepening a sense of moral responsibility. The characteristic vice of our time is irresponsible self-will. It ought to be attacked everywhere, with all the power that can be brought to bear on it. Parents should be instructed that they are directly responsible to God and the Church for the training of their children; and children must be made to understand that reading bad books is as dangerous as keeping bad company, or lying, stealing, or any kind of self-abuse."

This essay of Doctor Dix should be not lightly skimmed over, but studied by parents who would know what class of novels to put into the hands of their daughter, and what to withhold. Very different is his discriminating criticism from much of that which we see at the present time. He draws the line between those novels which expose these "social frauds," for the purpose of drawing the attention of a society that ignores them to their inevitable consequences, and those that drug such frauds in to excite an ill-regulated appetite in the reader. There are some critics who would prohibit an author from exposing in fit language a class of abuses or vices known to be prevalent; but which divers interested persons would, for obvious reasons, rather not hear mentioned. Such a prohibition amounts to saying that when offenders go to certain lengths in criminality, the very foulness of their sins should exempt them from punishment; and it makes both author and critic abettors of the evils of which they know, but are afraid to divulge, on the principle, *invitat culpam qui peccatum praterit*. One of the highest functions of the writer is to point out the awful consequences of human error, and to trace some fault, for which maybe, the world is too indulgent, from its first careless commission to its tragical results. That was the design of the earliest and greatest masters of fiction.

When men or women commit crimes and to all seeming remain prosperous and happy, retaining the world's esteem, the real truth about them should be told. It should be explained by what tears of blood and anguish they redeemed themselves, and by what terrible punishments they were visited in secret. King David's history reveals to us the problems of a life, where, oftentimes, "the highest suffer most, the noblest wander farthest." No man could be so shaken as King David was with the jars and shocks of nature and life, exactly because no man living could be so entranced with her harmonies. Small tricks and follies are of little consequence to mankind; but drama, pathos and instruction begin where weak and sometimes good men or women commit heinous offences, as in the terrible story of Royal Israel and the warrior whom he sent to death because his wife was very beautiful to look upon, and in other Bible records of human error, written for our instruction and consolation. If the world has slowly grown better than it was in bygone centuries, we owe it much to the fact that authors of the past have scattered the truth fearlessly; therefore it yielded a harvest, and sowers must not cease to scatter seed if they would have the earth go on bearing fruits of increase.

The best moral training is not that which diligently shuts out all knowledge of the world, but that which teaches self-control, ability to resist evil and cleave to the good, to fight and overcome temptation, and to be actively virtuous. Vices laid open to the public cautery are in a much better condition for being cured than those which are permitted to fester in semi-secrecy for personal or class considerations.

Says an American journalist: "The only possible safeguard for evil practices is secrecy. So long as public attention can be diverted from them they flourish with impunity; but the moment they become notorious, shame sets up an effectual barrier to keep away those who are not hopelessly perverted."

The London *Saturday Review* comments as follows upon a recent divorce case in fashionable society in London: There are some things which everybody sees, but which there is a general reluctance to speak about until some kind of explosion occurs and compels attention. For some time past, for instance, there has been visible in English society a tendency to increasing freedom of manners and a relaxation of those prudent restraints on giddiness or forwardness which used to be supposed to be an indispensable protection to all modest women. We have ourselves repeatedly called attention to it, and urged that the spread of habits of dangerous familiarity ought to be closely watched, and *some check placed by social influence* on the introduction of novelties of this kind, all tending in one direction. It would appear, however, that the departure from old-fashioned traditions of propriety is growing still more marked, and that a system of social intercourse is being gradually established under which all the once recognized rules of decent behavior are completely set at nought.

Notwithstanding these strictures upon the state of society in London, this *Review* not long since accused an English novelist of want of patriotism, because she depicted scenes that reflected upon English society. Must the novelist be silent from patriotic motives, and the journalist be allowed to speak in such plain terms? The novelist, in whose pen lies the power to describe the downward road from its first to its last step, must she, for "personal or class considerations" hold back the lessons which romance can be made to convey to the minds of the young? If she has the true inspiration, and if convinced that God has given her "the one talent" to use; and not to fold away in a napkin, she will say with Dr. Cummings: "Were newspapers more able than the *Saturday Review* to attack any book I write, and any sentiment I hold, I shall not be moved a hair's breadth from a course which I believe to be dutiful to man and right in the sight of God."

We all know that in no land is domestic life purer than in our own; that it is the fast school here, as elsewhere, that introduces into it its dangerous elements. As the London *Times* says, "It is vitiating the tone, undermining the character, and corrupting the whole atmosphere of society." Up to the present time we have been spared in America (in our most refined and highly cultivated circles at least) such disgusting scandal as London high life has from time to time disclosed. But those "fast" women who have cast discredit upon American society at home and abroad need all the checks that can be imposed upon them, to prevent our divorce courts from emulating those of England in the offensive details of their cases.

To quote again from the *Saturday Review* article: Suspicion must necessarily be part of the penal system of society, and it is exercised in rightful defence. It might be difficult or impossible to secure conclusive evidence of a particular offence, such as would be necessary for judicial purposes, but society has a right to judge from appearances, and to place under a ban those who try to break down the barriers of propriety.

A writer in the New York *Tribune* says, in an editorial: There is not a fashionable circle, not a town or village, in which the records of our domestic life do not bear evidence of the debasing influences of this authorized, universal custom of flirtation before marriage, and Platonic friendship after. Here is the secret of indifference of wives and husbands' neglect of their children of the reckless excitement by which they try to forget their bondage, and the divorce and adultery suits by which they end it.

Thus journalists are drawing attention to needed reforms. They are not seeking reformation in individual cases any more than does the author; but both journalist and novelist may try to lead men and women of influence to exert themselves to raise society to the highest possible standard of sound morals and good manners. At least, attention thus drawn to these evils has a tendency to place a check upon those whose pernicious examples influence the young and giddy; too often leading them astray before their judgment is sufficiently matured to shadow forth to them the inevitable end of the path they have chosen. As a stone, thoughtlessly thrown into a pool of water breaks its placid ever-widening circles, so one example may influence for good or for evil the moral condition of a whole community. If journalists are allowed to draw attention to this general relaxing of social restraints, may not novelists depict the evils that arise from loveless marriages; showing life as it is, when entered upon by those in whom exist that sympathy and congeniality which is so essential in the close companionship of married life; and last, but not least, may they not strive to awaken to a sense of their duties, those who, while they hold the fast school in abhorrence, are trying to ignore its existence, asserting that the least that is said about it the better?

Writers who treat these subjects require both skill and moral courage: skill to write with delicacy of the coarseness with which they deal, and moral courage to face the sneers, ridicule, prejudices and misrepresentations that they will encounter. "This man blasphemes, this man is immoral," is what the world says of those who utter unwelcome truths in unwilling ears.

The fast school is a vulgar school. Those who portray its scenes cannot hope to escape the charge of vulgarity from the ignorant, the prejudiced, the narrow-minded, and from all those who are not able to understand that when a writer has great truths to develop he must choose such characters as will best serve his ends, although they may not be such as predominate in real life. He cannot show up folly and worse than folly by depicting the characters of the wise and good. He will not create ideal men and women to show us what they ought to be, but he will show us what they really are; how they struggle with temptation, overcoming it, or being overcome by it, as the case may be; no creature all saint, no creature all sinner; but all free agents, each left to the work of forming its own character and accomplishing its own destiny.

"Never by lapse of time, the soul defaced by crime,
Into its former self returns again;
For every guilty deed holds in itself the seed
Of retribution and undying pain."

Will not the young girl who still holds her fate in her own keeping, pause, and take into consideration what she may become if she treads down in a loveless marriage the holiest instinct of a woman's heart, when she sees how the revolting discipline of a marriage where there is no love upon the woman's side, eats away the health of her moral life as decay eats the heart of some bud before it has blossomed into a rose?

"We have no kind of sympathy," says the *Saturday Review*, "with the woes of young women who sell themselves to hateful husbands." And yet there are no woes that should receive more compassion than those of the young girl who, knowing nothing of the sacred mystery of her being, sells herself or is sold by her parents, to a "hateful husband," thus entering upon that demoralizing life which fits her to fill the place of one more fast woman in society. The ever increasing frequency of these sacrifices makes it "far more to be wondered at that so many women are virtuous than that a very few should go astray," as says the London *World*.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

As you cannot avoid your own company make it as good as possible.

VOLATILITY of words is carelessness in actions. Words are the wings of action.

HE who is the most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.

As riches and favor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool; but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.

TRUST him little who smilingly praises all alike, him less who sneeringly censures all alike, him least who is coldly indifferent to all alike.

WE should learn, by reflection on the misfortunes which have attended others, that there is nothing singular in those which befall ourselves.

A MORE glorious victory can not be gained over another man than this, that when the injury begins on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

Too much reproach "o'erleaps itself and falls on t'other side." Pricked up too sharply, the delinquent, like a goaded bull, grows sullen and savage, and the persecution continuing, ends in rushing madly on the spear that wounds him.

THE motives of the best actions will not bear too strict an inquiry. It is allowed that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves; but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others, and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing ourselves. This makes the great distinction between virtue and vice.

DON'T rob your neighbor of his good opinion of himself. Crush a woman's self-esteem, and you make her cross-grained and snappish. Do the same with a man and you only make him morose. You may mean to create a sweet, humble creature, but you'll never do it. The people who think best of themselves are apt to be the best. Women grow pretty in believing they are so, and fine qualities often creep out after one has been told one has them. It only gratifies your own momentary spite to force your own unfavorable opinion of him deep into another's mind. It never, never did any good. Ah, if this world, full of ugly people and awkward people, of silly people, and vain people, knew its own deficiencies, what a sitting in sackcloth and ashes we should have. The greatest of all things that a man can possess is a satisfactory identity. If that which he calls I, pleases him, it is well with him; otherwise he is utterly wretched. Let your fellow-beings alone; hold no truthful mirror before their eyes unless with a pure intention to uproot sin. So may a mirror without a flaw be prepared for you.

JOHNNY'S SOLILOQUY.

It seems to be father's greatest joy
To tell what he did when he was a boy.
Nothing very wonderful, so far's I can see;
And it seems pretty rough on a fellow like me,
When I've worked like a man all the long summer day—
And boys can get tired, I don't care what they say—
To have father declare, in his evening chat,
"When I was a boy I did better than that."

"I was bound out when I was a boy,
Had never a play-day, a book or a toy.
I earned my first suit when I was of age,
By working at odd hours for old Deacon Gage;
I often went barefoot, having seldom a hat,
And as for a coat, I was too poor for that.
Of course I had extra clothes in cold weather,
But the clothes were not broadcloth, nor the boots patent leather."

Then he talks of this and that wonderful feat,
With little to wear and little to eat;
How he never went either to church or to school,
Just picked up his learning without guide or rule,
And says: "John, to be sure, is easy to learn,
And always stands first at the close of the term,
But if I'd his chance at books in my day,
I don't think you'd have found me always at play."

Now I am just as willing as can be to work,
Nobody can call me a bit of a shirk;
I don't ask for fine clothes or frequent play-days,
For I know father's money has plenty of ways;
But when I've done as well as I can,
They might treat me as though I'd some day be a man.
I'm so tired of the song father always has sung,
"I did better than that when I was young."

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

The name of Raoul Laureston was known throughout the land; he had proved himself to be a hero. It was not merely in Government despatches and newspaper paragraphs that he was praised; his name was on men's lips when they gathered together and talked of Old England's glory and of her gallant sons; when they told how English soldiers fought and died, with the strength of lions, the bravery of heroes, they always mentioned the brave Colonel Raoul Laureston.

He was not wealthy — he was the younger son of the younger branch of the house of Caraven; he had no great patrimony; his whole fortune amounted to about five thousand pounds. But he was a soldier, born and bred; he could never have been anything else. He was as brave as a lion; he knew not fear. They told wonderful stories of him in the army—how he had saved lives while his own life was in peril, how he was loved and worshipped by the men under his command. It was a good thing to belong to Raoul Laureston's regiment; he never forgot any man serving in it, he had the interest of each one at heart; many a young officer who in other hands would have gone to the bad—would have ended a shameful life by a shameful death—with him became a good and brave soldier. He had the gift of winning men's hearts; his words were few but eloquent. Like all great men, he was utterly devoid of vanity and egotism; in his soul there was no room for small vices.

So, amongst a world of commonplace men, he had made for himself a name and fame. When the red flag of war was unfurled, and every home in the land had sent its sons to maintain the honor of Old England, Raoul Laureston's name became a household word. Mothers whose sons were at the war wept on hearing it; men told what they had read of him, and their hearts grew warm as they spoke. Then came the battle when, at the head of his regiment, he rode "into the jaws of death," sword in hand, his brave face shining with the light of courage. "Follow me!" he cried; and sword in hand he closed with the foe. Men told how the red sunset found him still there. How many lives he had saved by his valor no one could say. There were other brave men present who declared that Raoul Laureston had made the day their own.

He was knighted for his bravery; and then, as though fortune did not know how to lavish sufficient favors upon him, he succeeded to a large fortune, left to him by a comparative stranger, his godfather. But the brave soldier never quite recovered from a terrible wound he had received in battle. The slightest effort, the least exertion, brought on an attack of illness that was always dangerous. And across his brow, just over the right temple, was a deep red scar, left there by the bayonet of a foe. He was sent to France and to Italy. It seemed as though his military career was ended.

It had been a terrible grief to him to have to give up his profession and live abroad. He said to his doctors:

"While I have life I shall hope; the health and strength I have lost may return to me—I may hold a sword again. Heaven is kind."

But for the last four years he had been at Nice, and had grown weaker; and a great longing had come over him to see England again. "If I must die," he said, "let me die there." And, seeing that the home-sickness was a bar to his recovery, the doctors allowed him to return. It was strange—the journey did him good—he was stronger when he reached London than he had been for some time. Then he wrote to the only relative he had, Lord Caraven, asking if he should, as usual, make his home with him. He had not heard of the Earl's marriage—Lord Caraven never wrote a letter unless he was compelled to do so—and Sir Raoul had not read the notice of it in the English newspapers. Had he known of the marriage, he would never have dreamed of going to his kinsman's home.

He heard of it from one of his brother-officers, who had hastened to welcome him to England, and was at first incredulous. He had always loved the handsome wilful boy who looked up to him with such affection, and it had been a bitter source of trouble to him to find him inclined to go the wrong way in life. Raoul Laureston was many years older than the Earl, but they had always been good friends. In his light frank way he had scolded the handsome boy—now he scolded the man. He did his best to exercise a wise control over the Earl. There were times when he fancied that he should succeed—there were others when he knew that he had failed.

It was with positive incredulity that he heard of the marriage. When Major Vandaleur told him the news, the brave soldier refused to believe it.

"Caraven would never have married without telling me," he said. "He has not written to me for years, but he would have written if that had been the case."

"I assure you," declared Major Vandaleur, "that I was present at the ceremony. He was married at St. George's, Hanover Square."

"I must not dispute what you saw with your own eyes," said Sir Raoul. "That granted then, whom has he married?"

"A Miss Ransome," was the brief reply.

"Ransome? I do not remember the name."

Major Vandaleur laughed.

"No, you have probably never heard it—though there are few young men in the army who could say as much. Ransome is a lawyer and a money-lender."

The soldier's face fell.

"A money-lender! You cannot be serious? Caraven marry a money-lender's daughter! I cannot believe it."

"It is true. I remember the lady's name—Hildred Ransome. I did not see her, although I was in the church during the marriage; the crush was so great, I could not. The bridegroom's tall head towered above the crowd; I saw a vision of white and silver, but not the bride's face or figure."

"A money-lender's daughter! Is she beautiful, Vandaleur?"

"I cannot say; I have never seen her. Caraven did say that she was an unformed schoolgirl. It was a queer marriage for our handsome friend."

"Had she a fortune? Did she fall in love with him, or what?"

"Of course she had a fortune—a very large one, I believe—some say two hundred thousand pounds. I know one thing—Caraven was utterly ruined; he had not a shilling to fall back upon; and after the marriage he appeared in full feather. Halby House has been the house of the season; and I am told that Ravensmere in its magnificence is equal to a palace. He must have had a large fortune with the lady."

"I hope that he married her a little from love," said Sir Raoul.

Major Vandaleur looked at him.

"Lord Caraven has been steadily going to the bad for many years past," he remarked. "I do not think that you would recognize him—his character, I mean; he has not carried out the promise of his boyhood."

"He has had great temptations," said the soldier, "and no occupation; in those few words you have the cause of many ruined lives. If what you say be the case, Major, I shall hesitate about going to Halby House. I have always made my home with the boy because I loved him; but a wife in the house alters matters. What is she like, this Lady Caraven?"

"I cannot tell you; I have not met her. The only time I heard her discussed was on her wedding-day; she was only eighteen, and people said that she looked very unhappy."

"Only eighteen! And when was he married, Vandaleur?"

"Last year, Laureston."

"Then she is only nineteen now; that is very young," said Raoul musingly. "I am afraid I should be an interloper. And I should not feel at home. Caraven is very fond of her, I should say. I do not think that I shall go to Halby House."

"You have plenty of money," returned the Major brusquely—"why not buy a place of your own?"

"I would do so—that is, I would have done so long ago but that I am uncertain about my own life. It has hung upon a thread so long that I have never dreamed anything for myself."

"I ought to be a judge," said the Major; "and I prophesy from your appearance that you will grow better—not worse."

Their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a note for Sir Raoul.

"It is from Caraven," he said, as he hastily broke the seal.

As he read it, his whole face brightened; a light came into his eyes.

"I knew the boy's heart was in the right place," he remarked. "There could not be a kinder letter than that. He will not hear of my remaining here or going elsewhere. I am to go to Halby House at once, where everything is at my service, and his wife joins in begging me to go. The boy is not changed, you see. His heart is good."

And the Major, having some respect for Sir Raoul, forbore to tell him what rumor said about the handsome Earl and his heart.

"I shall go," said Sir Raoul—"this has quite decided me. You think I am right—do you not?" he added, seeing a strange smile on the Major's face.

"Certainly. I was thinking of the Earl, not of you;" and long after the two friends had parted Major Vandaleur looked very grave.

"It is like going into a wasp's nest," he said. "Raoul is a noble, simple-hearted soldier. He will have little patience with the Earl—perhaps even less with his wife."

No such thought troubled Sir Raoul; to him it seemed quite right and just that his kinsman should extend the hand of welcome, that his wife and himself should beg him to visit them, that their home should be his.

"I may be able to do him some good," said Sir Raoul. "Ulric always listened to me."

So he was full of hope as he drove to Halby House.

"What will the young wife be like?" he wondered. "A money-lender's daughter—nothing very noble or brilliant; but Ulric loves her, I suppose. She will be a city *demoiselle*. Let us hope, for Ulric's sake, that she is pretty and accomplished."

He caught himself wondering more than once what she would be like, and then he laughed at himself for his pains.

"I have so few relatives," he said, "that the fact of finding a new one is something wonderful."

His worn face flushed with emotion as the carriage stopped at Halby House.

"When a man has a few friends, he knows how to value them," he said to himself. "I know Ulric will be pleased to see me again."

CHAPTER XX.

The Earl was at home expecting Sir Raoul. He was shown into the library, and there, in a few moments, he was found by his kinsman. They met with outstretched hands and warm words of greeting, but the Earl looked sorrowfully into his kinsman's face.

"You have suffered very much, Raoul," he said quietly.

"Yes, and never thought to see you again. You are changed, too, Ulric—I feel inclined to ask where is the sunny-faced boy whom I loved so dearly?"

Lord Caraven laughed a little bitter laugh.

"The truth is, Raoul, I have not turned out very well. I may have been a good boy, but I have scarcely made a good man."

"A fault acknowledged is often half amended," said Sir Raoul.

"Yes," admitted the Earl, carelessly; "but I feel no great desire to amend—I half wish that I did."

"I hear wondrous news, Ulric—that you are married. Is it true?"

The Earl's face darkened, as it generally did when any mention was made of his wife.

"Yes," he replied gloomily, "I am married."

"And your wife, I have been told, had a large fortune."

"That is true," he said. "Have they told you anything else?"

"No, except that she was Hildred Ransome, the great lawyer's daughter."

"The great money-lender and schemer's daughter," corrected the Earl.

"She will not be answerable for her father's faults. What is she like, Ulric, this young wife of yours? I never had a sister, and my mother died when I was a boy. It will be a novelty for me to claim kinsmanship with a lady."

"All novelties are not agreeable ones," was the moody reply.

"This one will be, I am sure. I shall be quite proud to address 'My cousin, Lady Caraven.'"

"You are a *preux chevalier*, Raoul—you believe in the sex," said the Earl.

"And do not you, Ulric?"

"No, not in one of them. The fact is, I feel quite certain that you will not like my wife, and it annoys me."

"Like her!" echoed Sir Raoul. "How strangely you speak! Certainly I shall do no more than like her, your wife and my cousin. I tell you that the thought of seeing her is a positive pleasure to me."

With hasty steps Lord Caraven walked up and down the room. He seemed as though about to speak, but then stopped abruptly. He stood at last in front of his cousin.

"Raoul," he said, "I am not good at keeping a secret. The truth is, I do not like my wife."

"Not like her, Ulric! You are jesting, surely?"

"I wish to Heaven that I were! I know I am a prodigal—a spendthrift; but I think sometimes, now that I am a little older, that I might have been a better man had I been happily married."

"But, if you did not like her," said Sir Raoul, with an air of utter astonishment, "why did you marry her?"

"That is the question. I think the answer is—because her father wished her to become a Countess."

"What had his wish to do with you, Ulric?"

"Some day I will tell you all," he replied. "It is not a pleasant theme. But, with all my faults, I dislike deceit.—and I would not have you think that you are about to enter upon a scene of domestic felicity."

"But the lady herself," said Sir Raoul—"since you confide in me I may speak—does she know that you do not love her?"

"Yes, there has never been any pretence of affection between us."

"Then," said Sir Raoul slowly, "it seems to me that the lady herself is the one to be pitied—between her father and you."

"You can pity her if you like—she can hold her own remarkably well," returned the Earl. "I do not want to talk about it, Raoul. Every man pays the price of his folly sooner or later—I am paying it now; I do not care ever to mention the matter again, but I thought, if you had any idea of entering an earthly Eden, you had better be disabused."

"I wish that it were an earthly Eden," said Sir Raoul slowly.

"My wife brought me a large fortune—a fortune that saved me from ruin—and I insist always upon all respect being shown to her. She is, as she ought to be, entirely mistress of the house. I am always particular about that. Now that we have finished with the matter, there is, perhaps, one thing more that I should say. My wife will be very pleased to see you; she will make you very welcome."

"And you do not like her?" interrogated Sir Raoul.

"Well," replied the Earl, "you see she is not my style—not at all my style. I like fair women—she is dark, besides, I never think that a man loves a woman whom he is compelled to marry."

"You were compelled to marry her then?" said Sir Raoul.

"It was either that, or ruin—such ruin as would have left me penniless. I did hesitate for some time whether I should purchase a revolver, or marry Miss Ransome."

"My dear boy, why did you not send to me?"

"There are things that a gentleman cannot do," said the Earl proudly. "I could not borrow from friends."

"People have different ideas of honor—some of them are very strange ones. For my part, I should think it a thousand times more honorable to borrow from an old friend than to marry a girl for her money, knowing that I disliked her."

"The alternative was forced upon me. Besides, Raoul, all that you had in the world would not have been sufficient."

"Was it as bad as that?" he asked.

"Yes, it could not have been worse. Do not let me be a hypocrite, Raoul. That lesson would have lasted some men their lives—it has not been sufficient for me. I do not think, honestly speaking, that I am one whit a wiser man than I was. The only thing is that fortune has been with instead of against me."

"Poor boy," said Raoul pityingly; "we must hope for better things. Shall I see your wife to-night."

"No, I think not. Lady Caraven has gone to Covent Garden—a favorite opera of hers is being played. She will not be home until late. You look very tired, Raoul—I should advise you to go to bed. We shall not remain many weeks in London. You will, of course, go to Ravensmere with us?"

"If you desire it; if you are kind enough to invite me, I shall be very much pleased. I might have twenty places of my own, but none of them would seem so much like home as Ravensmere."

And Sir Raoul laughed. Fatigued as he was, he seemed in no hurry to leave his kinsman.

"I am rather disappointed," he said, at last. "I had hoped that I would see my new kinswoman to-night."

Lord Caraven looked incredulously at him.

"I can hardly believe that you are serious," he exclaimed. "Do you really desire so much to see my wife?"

"I do indeed," replied Sir Raoul earnestly.

"I do not understand it," said the Earl, with an amused smile. "You are slightly curious about her personal appearance? Well, I am not a judge, as I like fair people, and she is tall and dark. These are the only two points in her which have struck me. Yes, there is one thing more—she sings with ravishing sweetness. I have never heard a finer voice. I think, too, that she has a will and a spirit of her own; but I repent—though I did not intend to repeat it—that I do not like her."

"Tall and dark." Sir Raoul immediately pictured to himself a somewhat forbidding masculine-looking girl, with a hard face and a hard manner. He was half disenchanted. No one but himself knew how he had longed all his life for sisters. The notion of a woman—a delicate refined lady—who would be kind to him, was blissful to him; and, though this wife of the Earl's was a money lender's daughter, she might be feminine and graceful.

He was disappointed. He fancied that Lord Caraven would never have spoken of her as he did if she had been what he had hoped to find her. Farewell to his idea of the sweet companionship of a delicate, refined woman! Farewell to his idea of passing long, pleasant hours with the Earl's young wife! He remembered that, as a boy, Ulric had been devoted to the fair sex; he had often rallied him on it. He remembered a thousand and one scrapes into which the boy had fallen from his propensity to flirtation. He knew that his cousin had been called "the handsome Earl," and the only satisfactory conclusion at which he could arrive was that the girl-wife must be displeasing in appearance.

"Tall and dark"—certainly there was not much in that. Sir Raoul retired to his room, slightly disappointed and disenchanted. He could not sleep; by-gone scenes in his own life rose before him. It was long after midnight when he heard the roll of a carriage, and then the rustle of a silken dress as light footsteps passed his door.

"That is the young Countess," he said to himself—"my new cousin—tall and dark."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Earl entered Sir Raoul's room early in the morning.

"Raoul," he said, "I have just come to say that everything must go on as usual. Do as you like; get up when you like; go out when you like; order dinner, luncheon, breakfast, at any time you will. You must not make any difference between this visit and those you used to pay. I am not much at home myself."

Sir Raoul laid his hand on the young man's arm.

"How is that?" he asked earnestly. "Ulric, is not home pleasant to you?"

"To tell you the truth it is not—not very pleasant. I may be fanciful, but to me there seems always a look of reproach on my wife's face. That is not the only reason; I scorn to make false excuses. I find more attraction away from home than in it. Now you will be happy, Raoul?"

"Yes," he replied; and long after his cousin had left him Sir Raoul lay thinking what he could do to make matters pleasanter between husband and wife.

He little knew with what pride, indifference, contempt, and dislike he would have to do battle. He knew too that, as a rule, all interference between husband and wife was worse than useless—that, if they quarreled themselves, they would allow no one else to interfere in the quarrel. But this was not a mere quarrel—it was far worse.

"I would give something," he thought, "to restore harmony; but of course, all depends on what she is like."

What was she like? After being at the opera she would not rise until late, he felt sure. He himself went down-stairs early—Sir Raoul liked the fresh morning air.

The first sound that fell upon his ears was the singing of a bird, and the next the falling spray of a fountain. He looked around. He saw then what improvements had been made in Halby House. A conservatory had been built out from the breakfast-room, long and wide—a conservatory that was almost an aviary, so full was it of bright-plumaged birds; a fountain stood in the midst, masses of brilliant bloom glowed upon the walls.

"This was a welcome for the bride," thought Sir Raoul. "Perhaps, however, she has not much taste for flowers."

No one seemed to be about; the breakfast-table was prepared, but there was no one to preside. Sir Raoul looked round; he thought he would go through the conservatory, and perhaps by that time there would be some news of breakfast. He opened the glass door and walked through a fairy-land of sweet blossoms; the spray of the fountain fell with melodious music into the clear basin below.

"How beautiful!" thought the simple soldier.

He walked on until he saw a vision that suddenly struck him dumb. At the end of the conservatory was a large vine-wreathed door; the green leaves formed a perfect screen, and against them stood a figure such as Sir Raoul had never seen before, and never afterwards forgot—a tall, graceful girlish figure—a figure that was all symmetry, with a slender, graceful neck, white as snow, lovely shoulders, round white arms, draped in an elegant morning-dress.

The lady was standing with her face averted, so that he could not at first see it. He beheld a queenly head, covered with masses of black, shining hair. He stood for some minutes lost in admiration; and then, with a deep sigh, she turned slowly round.

If he had thought the figure beautiful, he was even more enchanted with the face. He saw dark, star-like eyes fringed with long lashes, and an imperial brow; he saw a mouth that was like a pomegranate-bud, fresh, red, and indescribably lovely; he saw a splendid face, oval in contour, and with the exquisite coloring that Titian gives his pictures, dainty and brilliant. Yet, over the beauty of the face sadness hung like a vail. He saw the glow of a scarlet geranium in the bodice of her dress and one in the dusky depths of her jet black hair.

That it was the money-lender's daughter never for a moment entered his mind—that he saw before him his cousin's wife, never occurred to him. This beautiful girl was, of course, a visitor like himself—and one of Lady Caraven's friends, he thought to himself, half sadly. It was not to be wondered at, with this glorious young beauty near to distract him, that the Earl did not care for his wife.

He went forward to speak to her, and then for the first time she was conscious of his presence. She raised her dark eyes and looked at him. There are moments in life not to be forgotten—this was one. The dark eyes appeared to look right into his heart, and he seemed to recognize the soul that shone through them. She walked up to Sir Raoul, still looking at him, as though drawn by magic to him, his eyes half smiling into the depth of hers. He bowed at her approach.

She looked for one half-minute into the worn, scarred, noble face.

"I cannot be mistaken," she said, holding out both her hands in welcome. "You must be Sir Raoul Laureston?"

"I am," he replied, taking the delicate hands in his with chivalrous *empressement*. "And you?"

"And I?" she said, with a charming smile and a look of pretty astonishment. "I am Lady Caraven."

In the shock of his surprise he dropped her hands. This Lady Caraven, the unformed school-girl, the unloved wife, "tall and dark," one whom he would not like—this splendid woman! What had the Earl meant by it! Sir Raoul was so startled that the shock kept him silent; and she, noticing this, thought that he was disappointed in her.

"Lady Caraven," he said at last—"my kinswoman! Do you know that I can hardly believe it?"

"Why not?" she asked simply.

"Because I expected to see some one quite different."

"And you are disappointed?" she said slowly—half sadly.

His faced lighted up eagerly.

"No, how can you say so? I am charmed, delighted. I cannot believe in my own good fortune in having so fair a cousin."

"Are you quite sure?" she asked. "For I fear that I have disappointed most people."

"I am indeed sure," he replied. And, looking into his face, she could not doubt it.

"You are Sir Raoul?" she continued. "I have been longing to see you ever since I heard that you were coming. Will you let me bid you a thousand welcomes home?"

He repossessed himself of her hands, and clasped them warmly.

"You are a brave soldier," she said—"a hero. Again let me bid you welcome home."

"That is the sweetest welcome I have ever had," declared Sir Raoul. "I shall not forget it."

The fair face was smiling at him, the lovely eyes were full of welcome, the ruby lips smiling kindly. It seemed to him that her whole heart was in the greeting she gave him. And Lord Caraven had said that he did not like this most charming and lovely girl!

"You are looking very ill, Sir Raoul," she said; "you will want nursing and taking care of. You must be well tended, and then you will grow strong."

He touched his breast lightly with his hand—that noble breast, the home of a noble soul.

"I shall never be very strong, I fear. Lady Caraven, I would give all my fortune for health; but Heaven knows best."

The dark eyes were full of womanly sympathy and compassion; they rested kindly on him.

"You are going to remain here," she said—"to make your home with us."

"I hope so," he responded heartily. "I have no other home. This would indeed be one."

She had drawn nearer to him—so near that the delicate lace on her dress touched him.

"I am so glad," she said, in her soft, caressing tones; "and will you really let me take care of you, just as though you were my own brother come home from the wars?"

"Have you a brother?" he asked.

"No," she replied. "I am an only child."

"And I have no sister. I have always wished for one. When I was a strong man who did not know what aches or pains meant, I used to wish that I had a woman's gentle mind and heart to guide me; when health and strength left me, when I became almost helpless, I longed for the gentle hands of a woman near me; but my longing was never gratified."

She looked at him with a smile.

"You should have looked for a wife, Sir Raoul."

She repented of her words when she saw the terrible change that came over his face.

"A wife? No, I shall never have a wife. I wanted a sister."

"You must let me take a sister's place," she said gently. "You do not know what your coming means to me. It will give me what I need so sorely—an occupation. You will let me nurse you when you are ill, wait upon you, read to you—tend you in all ways."

"I am afraid that you will spoil me, Lady Caraven."

"No; but I will try to make you well and strong again. Do you really promise me that I may do this?"

His pale face flushed.

"Do you know," he said, "that you really embarrass me? I feel as though some fair young princess were offering to take charge of me. How can I thank you? It seems to me that the desire of my heart is gratified. I have a kinswoman to love at last."

She laid her hand on his arm and walked with him into the breakfast-room.

"You ought not to have risen so early," she said; "and now you must atone for that by taking some of my tea. I pride myself on being a good tea-maker."

Looking at her, he thought that, if she prided herself on her exquisite grace and her girlish loveliness, it would be only natural. He was perfectly charmed with her; she was modest and unaffected; there was a certain grace in her frank, kindly manner, which made it impossible not to feel at home with her.

He was entirely so; and he smiled to himself. They were seated at the table as though they had known each other for years.

"But surely," he said, "we are remiss. We are not waiting for Ulric!"

Her expression changed slightly, as it always did at the mention of her husband's name.

"Lord Caraven never takes breakfast here," she said slowly. "Our hours are not the same."

"Then he is a bad judge," remarked Sir Raoul. "I would far rather take breakfast here than anywhere else in the world."

To this Lady Caraven made no reply.

Before that day was half ended Sir Raoul was lost in wonder. How was it that the Earl did not love this beautiful girl? He himself was charmed with her; he thought her delightful.

"Talk of an unformed school-girl!" he cried indignantly. "If Ulric calls her a school-girl, I should like to see whom he calls a beautiful woman! She is enchanting! She is fire and snow; she is humble, yet proud—haughty, yet gracious. She has character enough for a dozen school-girls, and they would all be above the average. I did not think a man could be so blind."

He had reason to know that she was as tender of heart as she was fair of face, for that same morning the old pain in his chest, the enemy that had laid him low, returned with redoubled violence. He was ghastly white, and trembled with pain. Then he learned what the gentle hands of a woman were like. She showed no fear, no agitation. She was calm, tender, self-possessed. In one minute she had gathered soft downy pillows together on a couch, so as to support him.

"You will breathe more easily, Sir Raoul, if you lie there," she said.

It was a pitiful sight—the strong, handsome man, the gallant soldier, the brave officer, the hero of a hundred fights, lying there gasping for breath, great drops of anguish standing on his brow—a sight to make a man shudder and a woman weep.

There was no haste in her manner—no agitation such as renders the kindest of women useless when they are most needed. She helped to place him on the couch, she laid the poor helpless head on soft pillows, she fetched some fragrant essence, and, kneeling by his side, bathed his face. She did not weary him by speaking or by useless expressions of sympathy. She watched the white parted lips, and gave him wine. When the terrible paroxysm had passed, he opened his eyes, all dimmed and dull with pain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

TO FILL CRACKS IN STOVES.—Make and apply a paste of finely pulverized iron (obtained at the druggist's) and water glass. The hotter the fire, the more the cement melts and combines, and the more completely the crack becomes closed.

CHARCOAL FOR OFFENSIVE BREATH.—A correspondent of the *Dental Cosmos* says that the best treatment in regard to offensive breath is the use of pulverized charcoal, two or three tablespoonfuls per week, taken in a glass of water before retiring for the night.

PLASTIC MATERIAL.—Five parts of sifted whiting mixed with a solution of one part glue, together with a little Venice turpentine to obviate the brittleness, make a good plastic material, which may be kneaded into figures of any desired shape. It should be kept warm while being worked. It becomes as hard as stone when dry.

A NEW DISINFECTANT.—A new disinfectant known as "Sanitas," is obtained by exposing a mixture of water and turpentine to a current of air, and is affirmed to be powerful in action, non-poisonous, and without injurious action on textile fabrics. It contains hydrogen peroxide (a powerful oxidizing agent) and camphoric acid.

ORNAMENTS FOR PICTURE FRAMES, &c.—Mix whitening with thin glue to the consistency of putty. Have the mould ready, rub it over with sweet oil, and press the composition into it. When a good impression is produced, take it out and lay it aside to dry. If it be desired to fit the ornament to a curved or irregular surface, apply glue and bend it to the place where it is to be attached before it gets dry.

EXPLODING SIPHONS.—There are two reasons, says the *Sanitary Record*, why the "siphons" of seltzer and soda-water occasionally explode. The one is the sudden expansion of contained gas on bringing the "siphon" from a cold cellar into a warm room. The other is the irregular contraction of the glass sometimes caused by plunging it when partially full into a vessel of cold water to cool its contents. Intelligent persons may, when thus forewarned, avoid both dangers.

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—A new musical instrument, called the "Prophon" has been invented by M. Kastner. It consists of numerous jets of hodrogen, or illuminating gas, which are burned in tubes in such a way as to produce innumerable detonations, the vibrations of which can be regulated at pleasure and made to yield high or low notes. The tones are more like those of a flute than any other instrument. The invention is, at present, rather a scientific toy than a really practical musical instrument.

UNDERGROUND TELEGRAPHS.—Underground telegraphs have been constructed over long lines in Germany; one of them, four hundred miles long, extends from Berlin *via* Halle, Leipsic, Cassel and Frankfort to Mayence; another takes the route *via* Potsdam, Magdeburg, Brunswick, Hanover, Minden, Dusseldorf to Cologne. Insulated cables are employed, and no difficulty is experienced in keeping up the connection. The success of these lines will probably lead to the adoption of the underground system over the continent of Europe.

FERTILIZATION OF FLOWERS BY BIRDS.—A curious chain of circumstances, leading to a definite natural result, is noted by a correspondent of *Nature* writing from Mendanao. Certain flowers secrete nectar, which attracts certain insects. These insects are the natural prey of the sun birds and flower peckers; but to capture them the birds are obliged to probe diligently the corollas of numerous flowers. Each bird in so doing brushes off pollen, which adheres to the plumage surrounding its bill, and this pollen is thus conveyed to other flowers, which so become fertilized.

DEODORIZING CHARCOAL.—MR. STANFORD, the inventor of a process of obtaining iodine from seaweed by destructive distillations reports that the residual product after lixiviation of the contents of the retort possesses an extraordinary power of absorption and deodorization. It resembles bone-black in its absorbtive properties, but differs from that substance in containing more carbon and carbonates of calcium and magnesium, and less phosphates. As the sea-weed product is an incidental one, it can be obtained at one-fourth the price of any other charcoal.

INVISIBLE INK FOR POST CARDS.—A contemporary proposes the use of what may be called "post card ink" for messages which are sent on such cards, or otherwise unsealed. A solution of nitrate or chloride of copper, mixed with a little gum or sugar, produces a "magic ink," which is made visible by warming, either by holding over the fire, or over a burning match. Potassium ferrocyanide in solution may also be used; but this requires a developer, for which either copper or iron sulphate may be employed. With the former the writing will appear in brown and with the latter in blue color.

A PREPARATION FOR OXALIC ACID.—The waste from the manufacture of ordinary paper is, as is well known, re-utilized for paper-making, but the raw material which is used for the fabrication of parchment-paper always furnishes after the sulphuric-acid treatment a considerable quantity of refuse residue not fit for paper-making nor yet suitable as a combustible. But, as parchment paper is made from pure rags, it is proposed to use this waste material, after lixiviation in caustic potash, for the preparation of oxalic acid, for which, it is thought, it is better than sawdust or beet-pulp.

A POWERFUL DETERGENT FOR SOILED GLASS.—The best detergent for refractory plates with which photographers are acquainted is the mixture of sulphuric acid and bichromate of potash, recommended by Mr. Carey Lea. It is especially useful with glasses which have been frequently used, or which, from the nature of the treatment they have undergone, resist the action of both acids and alkalies completely. Its utility is dependent upon the powerful action of chromic acid upon organic matter, and it rarely fails unless the plates are left to soak too long, in which case it appears to enter the pores of the glass or produces an insoluble compound on the surface. When this latter action has taken place the best remedy is to immerse the plate in cyanide of potassium, which has the effect of thoroughly cleansing it.

THE AUBEL PHOTOGRAPHIC PROCESS.—At a recent meeting of the Photographic Society of Frankfort-on-the-Main, Herr Aubel gave some of the details of his celebrated printing process. The new process appears to be one of the most universally applicable of all the methods based on photography. It permits in a very short time of the preparation of a photograph for printing in connection with ordinary letter-presses, and for the typographic rapid press as zinc-plates, as stone for the lithographic press, and as copper for the copper-plate press. The preparation of a plate for the ordinary book-printing press, inclusive of the taking of the photograph, only required three hours, while that of the other two sorts required eight hours. It is to printing with letter-press that he has devoted most attention. The invention is now extensively carried out at M. Aubel's establishment in Cologne.

SHEEP KEEPING.—There is more profit, on the average, in keeping sheep in this country, than in any other country on the globe. With the exception of Holland and Belgium, the annual weight of flesh in America exceeds that of any other country. In those two countries the average weight is six pounds; in America it is fifty-two pounds. But owing to the higher price received here for wool, the annual revenue from each sheep here is just double that in Belgium, and nearly double that in Holland. The annual revenue here is $2 16, on the average; Australia is next highest—$1 51; Spain next, $1 45. Only five other countries exceed one dollar, and in Russia and Greece the revenue is only forty-two cents. The average weight, as well as the price, will be largely increased when the vast flocks of coarse-wooled sheep in the West have been bred up to the condition they undoubtedly will be in a few years from now.

AS THE LIVER IS EASILY DISORDERED, more or less Bilious Distress prevails at this season of the year. Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills restore the Liver to healthy action, and remove all Biliousness.

AN OLD TRESS.

A little thing may priceless be—
A book, a ring, a glove—
For it may tell the perfect tale
Of perfect love.

Here in this old, worn book I find
A tress which brings to me
The history of the life of one
Who went to sea—

Of one who, after many years,
Came home and laid him down
Just where the sunset daily lays
Its crimson crown.

He was my own, my best beloved,
None nobler e'er than he
Sailed far away towards the East
Across the sea.

I loved him for his kindly heart,
For he was never known,
When asked to give a crust of bread,
To give a stone.

Yon smiling cottage by the shore
Is where our home was cast—
A humble place, and brightest yet
In all the past.

For there our little Willie drew
His faint and earliest breath,
And there we closed his loving eyes
For e'er in death.

And there our gentle Mary grew
And blest us with her glee;
No happier souls than ours e'er dwelt
Beside the sea.

The rich and proud have mansions fine,
And silks and rare galore,
But love and simple comfort were
Our only store.

My Mary now alone is left
To cheer me and to bless,
While love's whole history I read
In this old tress.

HARD TIMES,
Or the Diamond Cross.

BY MRS. MOORE.

CHAPTER III.

Carrie waited impatiently for her father and mother. It was quite four o'clock when Mrs. Merton came in, and Mr. Merton, usually so punctual, had not yet arrived.

While Carrie was in the midst of her tale, there came a loud ring at the door, a bustle in the hall, a strange voice in subdued tones, and servants whispering. Simultaneously, Mrs. Merton and Carrie stopped to listen. The drawing-room was quite silent, and she caught these words: "I had better see her at once—she needs some preparation, and there is no time to be lost."

Mrs. Merton opened the door—a terrible suspicion entering her heart with its lightning stroke.

She recognized one of her husband's friends.

"My dear madam," he said, taking her hand, and drawing her within, while he closed the door after him, "I am sorry to be the bearer of such painful news. Your husband has been taken very ill—indeed, I——"

"Tell me the worst, Mr. Hildbrun! tell me the worst—this suspense is so horrible! If he is alive, in mercy take me to him!" said Mrs. Merton with unnatural calmness.

Carrie stood white as a marble statue; but it was no marble heart that beat so wildly within her, or looked out so agonizingly from her distended eyes.

"Try to keep calm, my dear Mrs. Merton. It is a terrible blow, but——"

"He is dead!" cried Mrs. Merton in a piercing voice. The next moment Carrie's arms were flung around her, and weeping and sobbing, the mother and daughter clung to each other.

It was a sorrowful night that followed. Carrie, her heart more keenly alive than ever to the woes of others, in the midst of all her grief, at length remembered Mary, and at once despatched James with the money.

Upon his return he did not intrude upon her; and for a few days Carrie was spared the increased suffering which a knowledge of this fresh consequence of her selfish indulgence would have caused her.

Mr. Merton's death had been a very sudden one. He left his counting-house apparently in good health. As he was about stepping into an omnibus, he fell backwards, and was conveyed senseless into a neighboring apothecary's. The usual remedies for apoplexy were applied, but he was *never* restored to even one moment of consciousness.

Troops of friends came to his funeral. Warm tears dropped upon his cold, rigid face, from eyes that had laughed back his merry greetings in boyhood. Long lines of carriages with liveried servants, and horses in glittering harness, followed him to the grave.

A week thereafter it was known that he had died a bankrupt.

Where now were the scores of friends? At least those unselfish hearts whose memories of childhood had drawn tears to their eyes—at least, they came forward to sympathize and advise with the desolate widow and orphan.

Not so. The busy stream of worldly life had obliterated all such memories—had drowned all such tears.

A few formal visits of condolence were paid—many cards were left; and that was all. The tide of friends swept by the wreck that was stranded upon the shore, and no helping hand was stretched forth to save or succor.

Mr. Merton's beautiful home had been immediately sold. It had brought its full value—an unusual thing under such circumstances; but the money went to the creditors.

The furniture had been paid for by Mrs. Merton, with a portion of the money her parents had left her at their death; and this was all that she had.

The house had been purchased through an agent. Mr. Eaton, the owner, had not yet arrived; but by his instructions, Carrie and her mother remained in it, laying their plans for their future maintenance.

All Carrie's attempts to find Mary's refuge proved unavailing. She even went through the Almshouse, at James' suggestion, trembling lest she should meet her there; but as much as she desired to see her, it was to her great relief that she did not find her an inmate.

Coming in one day, from an entire morning devoted to these fruitless endeavors, she found her mother in an unusually cheerful frame of mind.

"I am glad to see one of those old looks on your face, dear mamma; but *I* am completely discouraged. I was so anxious to find Mary; but there is no use in wasting any more time, when we do not even know her last name. Poor child! we might have been of use to each other. She is old in trouble, and in the experience which it brings; although I really believe, mamma, that she has known better days. I think I could labor with a good heart if I only once found her, and knew that she was not suffering for my sins."

"I have some good news, Carrie, to allay your disappointment."

"Have you found her, mamma?—only tell me you have found her."

"No. It is not Mary of whom I am speaking. We must think of ourselves, now; for I am convinced that in these hard times, all our schemes would prove Utopian. Mr. Bonton—the agent of Mr. Eaton, has been here this morning. Mr. Eaton proposes to purchase our furniture, and desires us to fix our own price. It is also his wish to retain the servants, and he has instructed Mr. Bonton to engage me as housekeeper, until such time as is convenient for the owner to bring his bride home."

"Never! never!" exclaimed Carrie, her eyes flashing with indignation. "My mother a servant! I would never submit to such an indignity. He may have the house to-night, if he wants it; but he shall never have any control over us, I can promise him! Insolence!"

"Carrie! Carrie! I had hoped that proud spirit was more humbled—that once uncurbed will, more tamed. I appreciate your feelings, but look with me dispassionately at the state of things. When we leave this roof, we give up a certainty for an uncertainty. It would not take long to waste the little substance that we have, and remember Mary!—dependent upon the little pittance we were owing her, for even the shelter of a roof for her mother. Do not cry so, Carrie. You have done your best to atone for your error; and I know it is one which you will never make again. You must bring your mind to acquiesce to my wishes; for I am convinced that under present circumstances it is our only reliable means of support; and certainly, to me, far more agreeable than any change would be. Mr. Bonton said that Mr. Eaton might not desire possession until Spring, but at the same time he requested that we might hold ourselves ready to leave, should it be necessary. I am sure we have great reason to be thankful that such an opportunity has offered; and you know, Carrie, that it is not the station in life that demeans us."

"I know, mamma—I know that nothing could make you other than you are—worthy of every one's love and respect; but it is a great change to be the housekeeper when you have once been the mistress! Oh, mamma, it is *too* hard!"

"That is the least of my troubles. If I were only as certain of a provision for the future, equally as comfortable, I should be as happy as I can ever hope to be again."

Carrie drew a long breath. "It seems to me just like some story that I have read. What if Mr. Eaton should turn out to be some old uncle of yours or papa's, who has come back from the Indies, and has surprised us in this way; and who will come and live with us always. Don't you wish he would?"

"I have no such vain wish, my child. When I lost my parents I lost every relative I had. Your father was an orphan, who carved his way in the world without assistance. We have no one to look to but each other and our God, and you must not buoy yourself up with any such vain imaginings. They would only end in disappointment, my daughter."

"There is one way," said Carrie musingly. "There is one way—and then, you need never be a housekeeper. If I were to marry Mr. Mark Houston, you could always live just as you do now."

"Carrie! don't let such an idea enter your head!" said Mrs. Merton, her face depicting the surprise she felt.

"It is not the first time the thought entered my head. When I wanted that diamond cross—but, oh no, I was not in earnest then. I was not so bad as that. Now it is different."

Her eyes eluded her mother's steady gaze; and she fell to twirling her watch chain, and its fanciful little charms.

"You do not know the magnitude of the topic you treat so lightly, Carrie. Marriage without love brings its own retribution, and a fearful one it is. Never—never again my child, speak or think of selling yourself for gold."

"Not for gold, mother! you do me injustice. I would not sell myself for gold; but I am not so sure that I would not for your comfort. Besides, it would not be so great a sacrifice, giving him my penniless self for his uncounted money bags; and I know I could learn to love him as well as any other man. Indeed, I am going to think of it. It would be too good to see how fast our summer friends would come flocking back to us again."

Mrs. Merton made no reply, but she shook her head slowly, and tears stood in her eyes.

Christmas came and went, observed only as a day of deeper gloom, within the house once owned by Mr. Merton. The long strips of black crape still hung from the shutters, and the whilom *friends* who passed, wondered 'when those *extravagant* Mertons would give up their expensive establishment.'

New Year's day they received an unexpected call. Mr. Eaton's card was sent up, and Mrs. Merton who had before been suffering from a nervous headache, was unfit to see him.

Carrie went down. She knew that he was from San Francisco, where he had realized his large fortune by speculations in real estate, and she had rather a confused idea of a middle-aged man, with a quantity of natural tint upon his face, a wide-awake hat, and a California bang-up.

She was a little embarrassed at finding Mr. Eaton a young man, looking scarcely thirty years of age, of pleasing exterior and polished address.

In a few words he apologized for the intrusion, and expressed his indebtedness to them, for consenting to remain, and take charge of the household. He could not explain, at present, he said, the condition of his affairs, but he was entirely dependent upon their generosity; as he was totally unfit for the care of an establishment of the kind; although exceedingly desirous to have one in readiness, when his arrangements should be completed for occupying it. So earnestly did he seem to feel his obligations, that he left Carrie in a very happy frame of mind. It is much easier to bestow a favor than to be the recipient of one.

"I don't believe he is married yet," she said to her mother. "He seemed to feel a delicacy in alluding to his arrangements, that he would not have felt, had he really had a wife. I wonder if it's a settled thing. If not, see if I don't set my cap for him."

"Oh Carrie, don't talk so triflingly."

"Why, mother, you know I am only in jest. Of course, if he is not married, he *will* be soon. I could tell that well enough, from what he said. But one thing I know. I *never* will marry Mr. Houston, nor any man I do not love. I made up my mind to that, while he was talking to me. Oh, mother, you should see him! He is just what a man ought to be. I never saw such eyes—such a clear, deep blue; and such black lashes. Heigho! I will wait until he is a widower, for I do not believe that there are two such specimens of the *genus homo* extant."

"Carrie, you are perfectly incorrigible?"

"Ah, dear mamma, do forgive me. It is such a long time since I have jested so before."

Resuming her sewing, she sat quite silently; but her mother noted the unusual flush upon her cheek, the new excitement in her eyes; and for the first time a strange fear entered her heart. To whose honor was she trusting, while under such suspicious circumstances she retained her house? Carrie could not see Mr. Eaton again. The next time his card should be sent up; she would wait upon him herself. There was some mystery somewhere.

The following morning, as Carrie was practising alone in the drawing-room, Mr. Eaton was again announced. His excuse for repeating his call so soon, was the bouquet of rare exotics which he had brought to his invalid mother. At his request, she continued her singing, and despite the timidity which she felt, her voice had never sounded to better advantage. A depth of feeling of which she was herself unconscious laid hold of it, and freighted it with power and richness. Those hours over the music, with the companionship of the flowers so intoxicating in their bewitching fragrance, and the earnest but sad look of those wonderfully beautiful eyes, opened a new world to Carrie.

When the excitement was over, and she was left alone, she looked into her heart, and saw to what suffering she had brought herself. Could it be true, that she had, on so brief an acquaintance, thrown away her love upon a man, who, if not already married, was upon the eve of marriage? One who had never sought her love? Despite her pride, there came an answer, which caused her more bitter, more remorseful tears than any she had ever shed.

Mrs. Merton took the flowers, but talked plainly with Carrie upon the impropriety of Mr. Eaton's continuing his visits. Carrie admitted that she would have much preferred her former jesting manner.

Again Mr. Eaton called, and fortune, who seemed determined to thwart the anxious mother, favored him with another interview with Carrie.

But now she was on her guard. She knew the weakness of her heart, and its citadels were no longer defenceless.

"My mother, Mr. Eaton, is desirous of seeing you," she said, advancing towards the door.

"Miss Merton—if I might ask so great a favor, on so brief an acquaintance—will you remain a moment! I am going to leave the city—it may be for weeks. When I return, I trust that I shall know if the desire of my life is ever to be accomplished or whether death has separated me forever from those with whom every thought has heretofore been associated. May I hope—" and he reached out his hand to take hers as he spoke.

Carrie drew herself up proudly withholding her hand.

"I am answered," he said, bowing his head, and signifying by a gesture of his hand, that he would detain her no longer.

Carrie's heart reproached her, as she saw the increased sadness that spread over his face.

"You will always find friends in my mother and myself," she answered. "I assure you we feel your kindness; we are not ungrateful."

"Don't speak in that way," he said quickly. "You have laid me under lasting obligations. Let what will happen, promise me that you will always consider this your home?"

"Mr. Eaton," said Carrie, looking up in her calm innocence into his face. "Your own good judgment will convince you that could never be. It is our *home* no longer. Had it been purchased by any other than you we should long since have been exiled from its walls. We hold ourselves in readiness to give it up as soon as your wife—"

"My wife! good Heavens!—excuse me, Miss Merton, but I should stand before you this day the most miserable man in existence, if I were a married man."

Carrie's eyes fell. Her calmness was gone. In her restraint and embarassment, in her blushing cheeks and drooping eyelids, Ralph Merton read her heart. He saw at a glance also the cause of her previous indignation, as well as how the mistake had originated; and he proceeded at once to give her a brief sketch of his life.

"This house was my boyhood's home, Miss Merton. Circumstances, which I willingly pass over, banished me from it. I was a wild boy then, but I have reaped bitter fruit from the seed of my own planting. My father's death, which occurred soon after I left, I did not hear of for years. I sent remittances and wrote to know if my mother and sister were living. I had met with unexampled success. Like Midas, everything that I touched seemed turned to gold. I conceived the idea of purchasing back this house, not knowing who owned it, and of reinstating my mother and sister in their former style of living. The answer to my letters came back. The house was owned by a millionaire, and was not for sale; my mother and sister were living in the greatest obscurity. Immediately made preparations for departure, and sailed in the next steamer. I arrived in the city the day of your father's death; and at once appointed an agent, and gave him my instructions. Since then, my life has been a continued disappointment. One day, stimulated by hopes, that the next saw perish. Now, I have received tidings which encourage me again. A widow by the name of Eaton, with an only daughter, is keeping a boarding-school in Cincinnati. To-morrow I go there. I should be more sanguine than I am, had I not so many times been disappointed."

"How old was your sister, Mr Eaton? what was her name?" said Carrie, eagerly.

"She is not more than nineteen. Her name was Anna."

"Oh, it is not Mary, then. She is a great deal older. I was foolish to think of her; for of course she would have told us, had she ever lived in this house. How I wish, Mr. Eaton, that I could help you find them;" said Carrie, looking earnestly in his face.

"You can help me in one way, Miss Merton," he said rising to leave; "Stranger that I am to you, I dare not say how; but some day, when you know me better, I will tell you the only two secrets of my life. One is the secret of years—the other, not of as many days. Then you shall decide my future for me."

Carrie could no longer meet that ardent, impassioned gaze; nor did she again draw back the hand, which for one brief moment he held within his own.

At this unfortunate period Mrs. Merton entered.

"Carrie! my daughter! what does this mean?"

Carrie, feeling as guilty as she looked, darted away and made her escape by the back drawing-room door.

Mr. Eaton was left to make an explanation which, under the circumstances, proved rather embarrassing—so determined was Mrs. Merton in considering him a married man. She also found it very difficult to realize the sincerity of a love, that like Jonah's gourd, had sprung up in a night; her own attachment having been the growth of months. However, Mr. Eaton's sincerity of manner, and his deep anxiety for his mother and sister, convinced her that he was no impostor; and she gave her consent to a renewal of his visits upon his return.

Carrie's happiness was too deep for words, when she felt her mother's kiss upon her forehead, and heard her say,

"He seems to be all that I could have desired for you, my daughter. God prosper him in his undertaking; and bring him back safely to you."

That evening, their old friend, Mark Houston, called, but was not admitted.

A week passed away, and they were daily expecting Mr. Eaton's return, when Carrie, who was glancing listlessly over the morning paper, sprang from her chair.

"My diamond cross, mamma! it is found!—oh, how I wish it were Mary and her mother, instead! That hateful cross! If it had not been for that, they could have stayed where they were, and we could have helped them; couldn't we mamma?" Her mother sighed. "We could have helped them some, at any rate," continued Carrie, "but just listen, mamma—See if you don't think it is my cross," and Carrie read aloud from the paper:—

'Found. A diamond cross, evidently lost some weeks ago. The owner can have it by calling at No. 342 Blank street.'

"Well, this is really wonderful," said Mrs. Merton. "To be sure, Carrie, it must be your cross. I have not a doubt of it. Go at once for it, my child. If 'misfortunes never come singly,' I am sure good fortune falls in the same way."

Thus advised by her mother, Carrie made herself ready, and started for Blank Street.

The walking was bad, for the foggy weather of the last few days had melted the snow rapidly; but Carrie heeded it no more than she did the first snow that fell, when—as she supposed with her diamond cross in her pocket, she made her way through it, little dreaming of her loss, or the evils attendant upon it. Now, it was not the anticipated recovery of the cross which made her footsteps so light. A new fountain of life has gushed up in her heart—the magic circle of love enclosed her round, hedging her in from all annoyance; and the world lay spread before her, more beautiful than all her young dreams of fairy land.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

KAISER WILHELM.—No slight satisfaction is said to be felt by the German Emperor William at the approaching wedding of his first grand-daughter. Old Kaiser Wilhelm, in spite of his four-score years, still enjoys excellent health, and looks as stalwart and robust as ever. Age seems to have but little power over his martial frame. From morn till eve His Majesty is indefatigable in the performance of his solemn obligations, thus presenting a striking contrast to his Chancellor, Bismarck, by twenty years his junior. Often, late at night, the lamp may be seen still burning in his study, the windows of which occupy the well-known corner of his palace facing the splendid monument of his illustrious ancestor, Frederick the Great, whose fame bids fair to be surpassed by that of his descendent, Kaiser Wilhelm I. Punctually at two in the afternoon His Majesty quits his palace for a drive through the Thiergarten. The light equipage, drawn by two splendid Orlof trotters, a present from his nephew, the Czar, is generally open, affording a good view of the veteran Emperor, who, clad in his gay military cloak, graciously recognizes and returns the salutations universally and heartily accorded him by the passers-by lining the streets. His Majesty never wearies of acknowledging the greetings of his subjects; even the humblest may be sure of a friendly nod in reply to his respectful bow.

THE WAY THEY VOTED AT BOUNTY'S GULCH.—Bounty's Gulch, in Calaveras county, Cal., was unaware one morning in the fall of 1852 that a State election was to be held that day, but before the day was over the Gulch distinguished itself. The miners—twenty Americans and eighty Mexicans—were hard at work when, at mid-day, two strangers entered the camp, bearing a big ballot-box, and loudly announced that an election was being held, and that they had been appointed to receive the votes of the district. For the rest of the day the actions of the inhabitants of the Gulch would have puzzled a person looking upon them from the neighboring heights. There was an endless chain of men around one building, and the chain was constantly in motion. A man on the line would stop before a little window, put in a little piece of paper, walk to the other side of the building, where, at another little window, he would drink something evidently delicious, and would then again seek the window where he thrust in the paper. The official returns of the election that fall declare that Bounty's Gulch cast 452 votes, and that nine-tenths of them were cast for the candidates of one party—and the successful one.

THE RUSSIAN TROPHIES.—The Russian trophies in Kars are beyond expectation. Three hundred and twelve cannons, among them forty-two field pieces, whole depots of rifles and revolvers, large quantities of ammunition, stores and provisions, and about 16,000 prisoners fell into the hands of the conquerors. The remainder of the garrison must be considered as killed, or as having deserted. The Russians shut their eyes with regard to deserters, as they experience too much trouble and cost by transporting their countless prisoners in this season into the interior of their ice-shackled country. Whosoever manages to procure for himself a suit of plain clothes may run away and make himself comfortable in one of the villages, or in his own homestead. Voluntarily these men will not again join Mukhtar Pasha's hungry and neglected host. The Russian losses do not exceed 2,000 men, and are less than had been originally supposed.

A GREAT SINGER'S MOTHER.—The mother of Madame Patti, the great songstress, was a washerwoman in a laundry at Rome. She used to sing heartily on going to work, and one day she happened to be remarked for her vocal powers by the Maestro Barily, who gave her a musical education, procured her appearance on the stage, first at Naples, afterwards at La Scala, Milan, and finally married her.

—When Job was at his worst in the matter of eruptions, Eliphaz came up and slapped him on the shoulder. There was a particularly tender one there just then, but after the first agony was over the Patriarch winked at his friend and said: "Why am I like the original exploded locomotive?" Eliphaz gave it up. "Because," added Job, and a terrified expression crossed his face, "I am the first busted boil er on record."

BOOK OF ORIGINS.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REES.

"In primus hominis est propria
Veri inquisitio atque investigatio."
CICERO.

"The searching out and thorough investigation of truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

S.

[CONTINUED.]

SIMON PURE.

In Mrs. Centliver's comedy of "A Bold Stroke for a Wife," there is a character called "Simon Pure." Another character assumes the name, and there is considerable confusion in determining "the real Simon Pure." Hence the origin of the phrase.

SINGS LIKE A NIGHTINGALE.

A Saxon word is said to form the etymology of the word nightingale, viz: *Galan*, to sing, combined with night; as the nightingale pours forth its strains in the lonely hours of repose. These vigils did not pass unnoticed by the ancients, who have remarked that "to have less rest than a nightingale is a sign of a bad sleeper."

Our favorite poet, Milton, omits no opportunity of introducing this lovely bird. How finely does it serve to compose the solemn scenery of his Penseroso!

"In her saddest, sweetest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks the dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak,
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee chauntress, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy evening song."

In another place he styles it the solemn bird; and he says again:

"As the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note."

SINGULAR TENURES.

At Langsett, in the Parish of Penistone, in the County, (Eng.,) a farmer at Broad House pays yearly a snow ball at mid-summer; accordingly the flower called snowball, a vulgar name for the Guelder rose, is allowed as a substitute.

One Solomon Attfield held land at Ripland and Atterton, in the County of Kent, upon condition that as often as the ruling sovereign should cross the sea, the said Solomon and his heirs should go along with him to hold his head on the sea, if it was needful.

In the reign of the Third Edward, one John Compes had the manor of Finchfield given him for the service of turning the spit at his coronation.

SIRLOIN OF BEEF, ORIGIN OF

This title was bestowed on this delicious portion of beef by King Charles II., of England, who, dining upon a loin of beef and being particularly pleased with it, asked the name of the joint. When told that it was loin, "Then," said he, "I will knight it, and henceforth it shall be called Sir Loin." In an old ballad this circumstance is thus mentioned:—

"Our Second Charles, of fame facete,
On loin of beef did dine:
He held his sword, pleased, o'er the meat:
Arise thou famed Sir Loin."

And in another ballad it is thus noticed:—

"Renowned Sir Loin, ofttimes decreed
The theme of English ballad,
On thee our kings oft deign to feed,
Unknown to Frenchman's palate:
Then how much doth thy taste exceed
Soup meagre, frogs, and salad!"

SKEDDADDLE.

A modern slang phrase, the meaning of which is to "clear out," "make tracks," &c., &c. Some writers have endeavored to trace it to a Greek source, but failed from the fact that slang terms and expressions were not so popular in the classic age as they are at present. We have an idea that the word is made up of two common phrases quite familiar to us, viz: "Skate" and "dawdle." Skate, from skud, or *scit-an*, to throw out, &c. The word "now skate," or "skete," is used invariably to "clear out" or "go away." Dawdle, from "daw," which in Scotch means a sluggard, lazy, or idle, and *daudle* in English seems to be a diminutive. Yet it is used to imply sluggish, lazy, idle, &c., or as Lloyd says:

"Be quick, why sure the gipsy sleeps:
Look how the drawling dawdle
Creeps along."

Skeddaddle is, therefore, a compound word, and until it is proved to the contrary, we shall maintain its derivation from the above named.

SLANG TERMS.

Every trade and profession have their slang phrases. Even religion has its slang. Not long since a popular periodical published in London said: "Slang had long since penetrated into the Forum, and now we meet it in the Senate, and even the Pulpit itself is no longer free from its intrusion." A clergyman in vulgar language is spoken of as a choker, a cushion-thumper, a Dominie, an earwig, a gospel grinder, a gray coat, parson, &c. These no doubt are the kind of clergymen who use slang in the pulpit, we mean that sort of slang which is a compound of obsolete words, slang phraseology and disagreeable vulgarisms. "What can be more objectionable," remarks a learned writer, "than the irreverent and offensive manner in which many of the dissenting ministers continually pronounce the names of the Deity, God or Lord. God, instead of pronouncing in the plain and beautiful simple old English way, G-o-d, they drawl out into Goude or Gaude, and Lord, instead of speaking in the proper way, they desecrate into Loarde or Leord, lingering on the a or the r, as the case may be. What is this but slang?"

In a word, the origin of slang may, in a great measure, be traced to a growing dislike of conventionalities, and that phase of insincerity which takes the form of polite utterance. When we hear one man say of another that he is a very worthy person, we may put our own construction on the remark; but if he calls him a "brick," we feel sure that the eulogy is sincere. In the days of Sir George Beaumont, an amateur would have described the exquisite chromatic harmonies of a picture. In the language of a modern studio it would be "a stunning bit of color." Among the various objections which have been urged against the use of slang is that it often falsifies the real meaning of a word, and certainly such expressions as "awfully kind," a "jolly bad cold," or "no end of a muff," would be exceeding difficult to translate.

Drawing room slang is somewhat more refined in its coarseness, that is, coming from the mouths of young ladies, it loses much of its vulgarity. It is to be regretted that young ladies will use those turfy words, and try to imitate their "big brother." How archly and aptly will they say—"let it slide," "he is a bad egg," "cheese it," "trot him out," "bully for you," and are you going to the "great blow out." If we may venture to express an opinion, it must be a very mild form of slang that could be tolerated coming from the lips of a beautiful woman.

SLIPPERS, OR SLOPS,

Were first used in 1570. The word slipper is derived from the word slip, a small part easily removed from the main body; anything easily put on or off. Slops, worn by sailors and laborers, that slip on easily without dragging.

"SMELL A RAT."

"Quoth Hudibras, 'I smell a rat;'
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate."
—Hudibras, Part 1, Canto 1.

The expression occurs also in the "Tale of a Tub," sect 4, scene 3.

It must have been from Jonson (or some Johnson) that Sir Boyle Roche drew his inspiration when he got off in the British Parliament, his celebrated speech containing the following rather mixed metaphor, which has been already published:

"Mr. Speaker—I smell a rat; I see him floating in the air; but mark me, I shall yet nip him in the bud."

SMILES.

A smile on the countenance is the ray that the heart sends forth to illuminate it. Its very origin explains its holy nature. *Smoel weder*—weather when the sky is clear and without wind.

"The maker of the Gods and men to her all sweetly smiles,
With countenance such as from the skies the storms and clouds exiles."

Smiles are, however, expressive of more than one passion or sensation. There's a vacant smile, a cold smile, a smile of hate, a satirie smile, an affected smile, a smile of approbation, a friendly smile; but, above all, a smile of love. A woman has two smiles that an angel might envy—the smile that accepts a lover before the words are uttered, and the smile that lights on the first-born baby, and assures him of a mother's love.

SNEEZING.

Some Catholics, says Father Feyjoo, have attributed the origin of saluting a person after sneezing to the ordinance of the Pope, (St. Gregory,) who is said to have instituted a short prayer to be used on such occasions, at a time when a pestilence raged, the crisis of which was attended by sneezing, in most cases, followed by death. The Rabbis have a tale, that before Jacob, men never sneezed but once, and then immediately died.

Holland, Plinie b. xxviii, c. 2, says:

"If one chance to *sneese* after repast, the order is for to call for a dish of meat and a trencher again to be set upon the board; and in case he taste not of somewhat afterward, it is thought a most fearful and cursed presage on his behalfe."

Blessing persons when sneezing, was accounted very ancient in the time of Aristotle, who in his problems has endeavored to account for it. It is alluded to in the Greek Anthology in an epigram, in which the salutation of *Salve Jupiter* is given as a familiar phrase addressed to sneezers. Alexander Ross says, "Prometheus was the first that wished well to the sneezer, when the man which he made of clay fell into a fit of sternutation upon the approach of that Celestial fire which he stole from the sun. This gave origin to that custom among the Gentiles in saluting the sneezer."

With us, the salutation of "God bless you," is used more in derision of the ancient custom, than for any particular friendship for the sneezer, or reverence for the expression. In France "*Dieu vous soit en aide*," is not uncommon; but in Italy, that of "*Viva*," or "*felicita*," is paid with the utmost scrupulousness—

"She spoke. Telemachus then sneez'd aloud;
Constrained, his nostril echoed through the crowed.
The smiling queen the happy omen bless'd;
So may these impious fall, by fate oppressed."
HOMER.

The word "neese," is used in the same sense as "sneeze."

In an old edition of the Bible, 1551, we read in Kings II, V, 35v.

—"And then ye lad *neesed* vii times, and opened his eyes."

SNUB.

This is a word of great antiquity. Its meaning is the same as that of sneap, and snub. To check, to scold, to rebuke, and chide.

"Beware we then ever of discontents, and snubbe it betimes, lest it overthrowe us as it hath done manie."

"Such snubs as these be little cloudes.'
—Bishop of Exeter, 1590.

"Neglected, snubbed and thwarted."
—Tatler, No. 235.

SOAP.

A writer in the *Scientific American* gives the following interesting paragraph on soap: "The word soap, or sope, from the Greek *sapo*, first occurs in the books of Pliny and Galen, and is, according to Dr. Gregory, derived from the German word *sepe*. Pliny informs us that it was first discovered by the Gauls, that it was composed of tallow and ashes, and that the German soap was reckoned the best. According to Sismondi, the French historian, a soap-maker was included in the retinue of Charlemagne. At Pompeii (overwhelmed by an eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79), a soap-boiler's shop with soap in it, was discovered during some excavations made not many years ago. From these statements it is evident that the manufacture of soap is of a very ancient origin; indeed, Jeremiah figuratively mentions it—"for though thou wash thee with natron and take thee much sope, yet thine iniquity is marked before me.' (Jer., ii. 22.) The primary soaps are divided into hard and soft soaps; the hard soap contains soda as the base; those which are soft are prepared with potash. These are again divisible into varieties, according to the fatty matter contained in their manufacture, also according to the proportion of alkali. The most important of these to the perfumer is what is termed curd soap, as it forms the basis of all the highly scented soaps.

SOCIETY

Is cemented by laws, upheld by religion, endeared by manners, adorned by art, and refined by education.

"A Commonwealth is called a society or common doing of a multitude of free men, collected together, and united by common accord and covenants among themselves, for the conservation of themselves as well in peace as in war."

—Smith, Commonwealth.

SOME PUMPKINS.

Mr. John Russell Bartlett, in his excellent "Dictionary of Americanisms," says: "'Some pumpkins,' is a term in use at the South and West, in opposition to the elegant phrase, 'Small potatoes.' The former is applied to anything large or noble; the latter to anything small or mean. A writer in the *Pennsylvanian*, under date of Nov. 15, 1842, thus explains the origin: [As the author and compiler of this work was the writer who furnished the article in question to the *Pennsylvanian*, he in this instance takes pleasure in acknowledging that he is indebted to Mr. Bartlett, for the publicity he has given to it through his great work.] I am not aware of the saying being incorporated in any play extant, although it can claim an existence of nearly one hundred years. It originated with James Fennell, the celebrated tragedian who came to this country in the year 1792. As the circumstance which gave rise to it is somewhat singular, I take the extract from his life, published in the year 1814, which gave rise to an expression that has now become a part and parcel of our *polite*, and I may say, *new* style of conversation. When quite a lad, Fennell, in company with Dr. Moseley, and the celebrated philosopher, Mr. Walker, and son, made a tour of France. Speaking of this portion of the journey, the author says: "I recollect nothing of consequence that took place till we arrived at the celebrated city of Rouen. Physic and philosophy had, from their situation in front, a wide range of vision but young Walker and myself could only look down. Wishing, however, to see all we could we kept peeping through our little windows. As we were passing, without our (the young ones) knowing it, the famous Cathedral of Rouen, young Walker, peeping through his little square, exclaimed: 'Look, Fennell, what *tremense pumpkins*.' His father, who had been attentively gazing at the building, turned round, exclaiming: 'What! can you be looking at pumpkins while you are passing such a cathedral as this?' Young Walker observed that he did not know what he was passing, for he could see nothing above the ground.

Young Fennell could not resist the temptation of plaguing Walker about the pumpkins: so, whenever they approached a stately building, or towering spire, he would invariably exclaim: "Look, Walker, there are *some pumpkins*!" It is almost needless to say it became a favorite if not a common saying, as it is to this day."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE MAN IN GREEN.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

After walking about for a time, seemingly heartily amused, the strange little man seated himself on the tree stump again, saying:

"Maybe you will tell me where you are going? Is there any offence in that question?"

"Oh! no, not at all; and if you can show me the way through the wood to Haroldsville mills, I'm sure I shall be much obliged to you."

"That is easily done," replied the man in green, as he took a rod from one of his pockets, which became longer as he raised it in the air and waived it rapidly to and fro. Straightway a wide passage clear from undergrowth opened before him.

"This broad way," he said, pointing to it as he spoke, "is the direct road to your destination; but before we part company, if you have no objection, I would like to have a little further conversation with you."

"I have not much time to waste," replied Andrew. The night is coming on, and if I am to listen to what you have to say, you must be as concise as possible."

"Hey-day, Master Ritchie; no time to waste, say you? You can do as you please my fine fellow; perhaps you can traverse the forest without my aid?" And the waving rod again closed up the road.

"What kind of a mean chap are you, you little grasshopper!" cried the lad, as he jumped to his feet in a rage. "Do you know that with one clutch of my hand," (and Andrew shood the open palm in his face), "I could give your miserable little carcass such a twist that you never could find yourself again!"

"Try it," answered the little man, making grimaces, as he skipped up to the lad's feet.

Beside himself with anger, Andrew caught him by the neck; but the youth had not counted the cost. The neck was torn asunder in his grasp, but the parts were scarcely severed before they reunited again, and at the same time Andrew received such a stunning knock upon his shoulder that he fell prostrate to the ground.

As soon as the smart passed away, Andrew raised himself from his recumbant position.

"Ha! ha!" chuckled the little green man, as he saw the youth recovering from the effects of the blow. "Try it again, Master Ritchie?"

"In heaven's name," exclaimed Andrew, "what sort of a being are you, and what do you want with me?"

"Well, to tell you the truth," answered the man, "I have taken a fancy to you; and as you are now going out into the world for the first time, I would like to do you a service. Will you be patient while I display to you some of the pictures that the future has in store for you? You shall judge of their truthfulness by what I will reveal to you of the past and present."

Andrew said no more. He sat under the shade of a tree completely bewildered, with his eyes resting on the strange little being before him, entirely unable to escape his domination. After waiting some time for an answer, and finding that the youth remained passive before him, the little man took from another of his pockets a silver pipe which he put to his lips, and as he blew his breath into the stem, there issued from the bowl a thick white vapor that rolled itself about until the forest, as well as all other surrounding objects were obscured by its density. Andrew saw himself and his companion completely enveloped in its curling waves.

Again the rod waved in the air. The mist broke asunder, disclosing to view Northdale Mills and Andrew's cottage home. The miller and his wife were sitting side by side, watching the gambols of a chubby boy, in his night dress, on the floor at their feet. The miller's voice had a far-off sound, and yet how distinctly every word he uttered fell on the lad's listening ear.

"The precious little child, Mary, that we love so well," said the miller, as he lifted the boy to his knee, covering his face with kisses; "what will the future bring to him? Think you, when age creeps upon us, he will be a staff for us to lean on in our declining years?"

"Oh! yes, father, yes," answered the wife, as her hand strayed caressingly among the boy's flaxen curls. "You need not fear for Andrew. His affectionate heart will never change, and what are his flashes of temper but a childish error easily curbed by the hand of a mother. You look with too much disquietude on this only blemish in the character of our darling."

The miller shook his head in a negative reply, as the boy, slipping from his lap, knelt at his mother's side, and with closed eyes and softly folded hands, repeated "Our Father" in his lisping baby voice.

The tableau, stationary but for a moment, receded from the sight, became indistinct in the distance, and was succeeded by another and then another, until the astonished youth beheld the whole of his boyish life portrayed, as in a living picture, before him. His baby days, his school life, and his entrance upon his duties in his father's mills—all were there! With what anguish he beheld the dark shadows cast by his angry passions on the lives of those most dear to him. He saw the worn and faded look on the lovely countenance of his dear Nina Vivian, the shrinking away from his companionship of all his youthful friends; the hatred of the men under his command at the mills, and, worst of all, the sorrow that sat like a mask on the faces of his dearly-beloved parents.

Andrew closed his eyes to shut out the distressing sight, but touched by the rod of the mysterious being at his side, he found himself compelled to look again on this wonderful panorama, in which he now saw himself at the mills in his last quarrel with his patient, forbearing father, followed by his subsequent flight, his visit to the inn, and his departure from there, when the pictures ceased to appear, and the vapor rolled away.

Andrew had scarcely time to look around him before he again heard the voice of the little man in green:

"Well, friend Andrew," he said, "are my pictures true to nature?"

"Alas! too true," answered the lad, with a sigh.

"So much then for the past and present, and now for the future."

Again the vapor surrounded them, and Andrew waited with terror for the unfolding of that, which from the accuracy of what he had already seen, bade fair to be a truthful representation of events yet to come. As the mist parted, the road through the forest again became visible, with a solitary traveler, whom Andrew with sorrow recognized as himself, upon it. The road was rugged and hilly, and with weary steps the traveler dragged himself along. As this picture passed away, another presented itself. It was the entrance to the town of Haroldsville, where the traveler had at last arrived. As he passed along the street a tavern presented itself, where, footsore and weary, he stopped to rest. Here he again met with the revelers of the road side inn, by whom he was once more received with shouts of welcome. The glass again circulated freely, and the room resounded with boisterous cries of mirth. The traveler, overcome with fatigue and wine, sunk to sleep, perfectly indifferent as to what became of him.

Again the picture passed away for another to present itself, this one representing the mills at Haroldsville. Andrew beheld himself here, striving in vain to obtain the same position he had occupied at home. Alas! there was no kind father present to help him, no fond mother with whom he could find shelter when his day's work was over; therefore the tavern was his constant resort. His countenance was becoming furrowed, indicating the indulgence of violent passions. Inebriety was doing its work.

The last picture at length was before him, in which he saw the end approaching. Here he beheld himself out of employ, out of money, spurned from the tavern, his character blighted, and not a friend to extend to him a helping hand.

In agony Andrew raised himself from the ground on which, to his astonishment, he found himself lying. It was early dawn, and he shuddered as he looked around him. His eyes were dim and uncertain, but, to his great relief, the little man in green had entirely disappeared. There was no forest opposing his progress, and the little inn was just behind him, obscured from his sight by the clump of trees under which he had been lying. With a glad heart he saw the sun send forth his morning beams, for a new light had broken upon him, and, for the first time, he realized the enormity of his conduct. Brushing the litter from his clothes, he dipped his handkerchief into a spring hard by, and made his morning ablutions. Then, turning his steps homeward, he never paused until he reached his father's house.

With a bright face the pretty Nina met him at the door, and there was great rejoicing over his return. He resumed his position in the mills, and, by his good temper and endearing manners soon gained the love and good will of all; and to his latest day, Andrew never ceased to be grateful to the little man in green for his instructive lessons, that opened his eyes to the dangers of the course he was pursuing, and taught him how to make a man of himself.

[THE END.]

TRICKS OF SMUGGLERS.

The first thing which is pointed out to us in a ship's "fender" which, we remind our readers, is a block of wood with a rope attached, slung over the bows, to prevent the abrasion which might be caused by contact with another vessel. This particular fender was found to be hollow, and to contain several pounds of compressed tobacco. The officer who thought of looking for this soothing weed in such a receptacle must have been an extremely "cute" individual. But here is a still more extraordinary hiding place, and one which must have involved a journey aloft for its detection—a ship's block, the sheave or wheel of which is actually made of solid tobacco. Here is an ornamental pedestal which once adorned the corner of a captain's cabin, and would perhaps adorn it still, had it not been found gorged with contraband cigars. Another commander appears to have been a more moderate smoker, for he was content with only two pounds of cheroots, which were found inside a sham loaf on his breakfast table. Here we have a number of cigars knotted singly on a string, like the tail of a kite; these were dropped between the inner and outer timbers of a ship's side; whilst holes drilled in the ends of an egg box furnish lodging for several more.

A broomstick does not seem at first sight to offer much room for concealment, but here is one which, accidentally broken, revealed a core of that rope-like commodity known as "pig-tail"? Cakes of tobacco formed to fit into the sole of a boot show another ingenious mode of disposal. But the prize for inventive talent must certainly be awarded the clever rascal who compressed snuff into slabs, and stamped them to exactly imitate oil cakes on which cattle are fattened.

The stewardess of a Jersey steamer is a delinquent who comes before our notice. On various occasions the petticoat has been found to be a useful auxilliary to the smuggler, and the one which was taken from this lady sufficiently prove the truth of our remark, for twenty-seven pounds of tobacco were hidden in its folds. Two more garments of the same nature contained, respectively, eighteen and twenty pounds of cigars; whilst another, with the help of a number of fish-bladders hanging from her waistband, was charged with several gallons of brandy. Bladders of cognac have also been found attached to a ship's keel, several feet under water. It is to be presumed that the discovery of these last was not made in the Thames, the water of that river not being celebrated for its transparency. Artificial lobster-pots, thrown overboard with corks attached, also afford favorite receptacles for various articles.

Another stewardess, in this case belonging to a Rotterdam boat, did a little ostensible trading with pigeons. Here is the box in which they were caged, constructed with a false bottom, below which were hidden a few pounds of cavendish. It is a question whether birds ever before so well deserved to be called carrier pigeons. The journey to Rotterdam is but a short one, so that although this lady does not indulge in such wholesale doings as her sister in Jersey, she works on the principle that "many a little makes a mickle."

Here is an apparently well-bound volume which a studious individual carried under his arm during the transaction of his daily business at one of the docks. It was found to be made of glass, moulded into the form of a book, and covered with leather. That it was a work of much spirit was proved from the fact that it was full of *eau de vie*. Another book was exhibited, the leaves of which are punched through with holes, from cover to cover, for the reception of watches.

LAWS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The Albany *Law Journal* finds in "Hall's History of Eastern Vermont" some account of the laws which were in force a hundred years ago:

"Burglary was punished by branding with a B on the forehead, and nailing one of the offender's ears to a post and cutting it off, and whipping; for the second offence there was the like branding and nailing and cutting off the other ear; for the third offence the punishment was death, the offender being deemed 'incorrigible.' Counterfeiting was punished by cutting off the right ear, branding with the letter C, and perpetual imprisonment. Perjury was punished by a fine of £50 and imprisonment for six months, but if the offender could not pay the fine he was let off by sitting in the pillory for two hours, and having both ears nailed and cut off. Wilful lying, to public prejudice or private injury, or deceiving or abusing the people with false news or reports, was punished by fine, sitting in the stocks and whipping, the punishment being increased with each repetition of the offense, except that in no case was the number of stripes to exceed the number of thirty-nine. Theft was punished by compelling three-fold restitution, by fine and by a sort of temporary slavery, the prosecutor being empowered to dispose of the offender in service to any subject of the State for such time as he should be assigned to the prosecutor by the court. Unseasonable night-walking—that is to say, after nine o'clock, was prohibited, as was also the convening of persons except under the government of parents, guardians, or masters after that untimely hour. "Tavern hunters" were punished by posting their names at the door of every tavern, and prohibiting the tavern keeper from supplying them with anything in the way of strong drink. No clamorous discourse, shouting, hallooing, screaming, running, riding, dancing, jumping, swimming, or blowing of horns, was tolerated on the Lord's Day. Listening outside of the meeting during the time of public worship was not permitted. Secular meetings of any number of persons, in the street, or elsewhere, on Saturday or Monday evening, were forbidden under penalty of fine or stocks.

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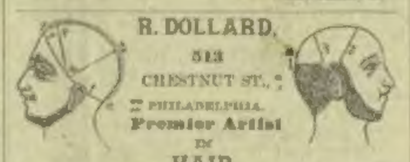

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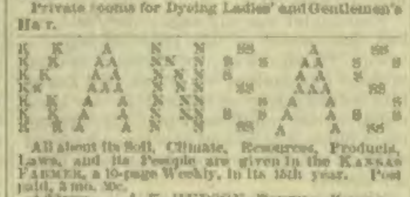

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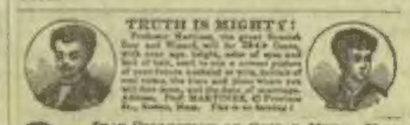

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LOVE'S REQUEST.

Love in a lethargy once slept,
A week without awaking;
And day and night his mother wept,
As if her heart were breaking.
The Graces pinched the boy in vain;
He never felt their stinging;
They sang to him a Paphian strain;
He slept through all their singing.

To Jove at length the goddess soared,
Most miserably crying—
"Oh, save my son, heaven's mighty lord,
The god of Love is dying!"
"To earth," said Jove, "once more repair,
And cease your cries and weeping;
A friendly leech will meet you there,
Who'll cure Love's over-sleeping."

Venus flew back; the boy was free;
For Jove, on special mission,
Had sent him green-eyed Jealousy,
Juno's own state physician.
The cure much worse than the disease,
Olympus shook with laughter;
For Love was never at his ease,
And never slumbered after.

THE VIGIL OF DEATH.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

II.

Now, Cousin Esther was to have gone down stairs at midnight, to prepare coffee for us. For my part, without the aid of this stimulant, I felt it would be impossible to keep awake, but I was reluctant to arouse her, and so I quietly resumed my seat on the lounge, took up my book and drowsily read.

It seemed but an instant afterwards that I found myself wide awake, the book having dropped from my hands upon the floor.

Had I been asleep? I had heard a noise but I attributed it to the falling of the book. Before I could think, I was again in a doze. Now I had at that moment a confused dream, or rather an odd medley of dream and reality. I seemed to hear a voice calling. It was a man's voice, seemingly afar off, then nearer and nearer. Then I heard a knocking—at first faint, then louder and louder. Then Rebecca's face rose before me, so like life that I felt a joyous impulse to rise and greet her, but then I saw quite distinctly, just back of this phantom, that white inert mass, that horror, too real, too palpable, resting there between the two chairs in the calm glare of the lapers. When I heard the voice again, my eyes closed involuntarily, and I became unconscious of more for a time.

But when I did awake it was to hear a foot on the stairs outside, the heavy tread of some one who was coming up, whereupon I rushed to the door and threw it open, and glanced not without a shudder into the gloom of the stairway.

"Who is it?" I interrogated, in a husky whisper.

The personage who ascended, answered excitedly and with breathless intermission.

"I—you heard me knock. My God, to shut me out!"

I became aware of the presence of a dark felt hat, a large figure enveloped in a linen duster, a pair of black whiskers, and then I recognized the travel-worn, heart-broken, disconsolate man, my poor dear friend, Emmanuel Rach himself.

I was shocked—I was almost exhausted by a sudden nervous energy to rouse myself to my utmost to keep him from the room.

"Manuel, old fellow," I whispered as I caught his arm; "stay there—I am coming down! Go into the parlor—you will wake them all! They are all asleep up here, all asleep!"

He looked at me fiercely, and pushed my arm aside. In the gloom of the stairway his face shown out pallid unto ghastliness.

"Do not come up!" I urged.

He had not spoken a word, since his first abrupt exclamation.

I took him by the arm. He suffered himself to be led like an animal. He followed me down stairs to the little parlor.

After a bit of annoyance, first in not finding a match, and then in finding one that would not strike, I succeeded in lighting the gas. The first thing Emmanuel did was to take off his linen duster, twist it up into a ball and fling it with impetuous fury at a chair near by. After this outburst, he sat down and buried his face in his hands.

"How did you get in, Manny?" I asked.

He turned to me with an impatient movement, and answered:

"By the door, of course! The entry door was open!"

"Open?" I opened my eyes interrogatively.

"Yes—I pulled the bell and knocked at the front door first, then came around back, and found the door open."

Silence again. I was thinking of all kinds of complications—burglars, murders, and ghosts—a muddle of worriments. Was the door left open purposely for Emmanuel? Hardly possible! I was again perplexed.

When Emmanuel spoke again, he surprised me, he was so calm.

"Charley," he said, quietly, "sit down—tell me all about this! What in the name of God did she die of?"

"Bless you, Manny, my dear fellow, I am not able to say! They brought in Dr. Sennaman."

"Quack!" he blurted out. "Why didn't they send for Dr. Horris?"

"Sennaman said it was heart disease!"

"D—— him, say I. He's a quack and a fool both! Heart disease! They poisoned her! That's more like it."

"Why, my dear fellow, what absurdity!"

"They all hated her here. Would to God I had never brought her to this house, never—never."

He relapsed into his silent thoughtfulness again. Then he turned to me suddenly, with a sort of a spring and a gleam of brighter light about his face.

"It's my impression, Charley, that she's no more dead than I am. Impossible! They shan't bury her though! They've laid her in ice. That must not be! All the doctors this side of perdition can't persuade me she's dead! I'll see to it. I'll see to it."

A thought occurred to me like an inspiration that probably he was right!

"Where are you going?" I exclaimed, as I saw him making a move for the door. "Stay here, my dear fellow—stay here!"

I held him by the shoulders. He wrenched himself away. I struggled with him. I caught him with a desperate grip about the waist, and pulled him from the door. He tripped me, forced me against the wall, and extricated himself. In a moment he was on the stair! At that very instant there was a piercing scream! A woman's scream. It came from the death chamber! I seemed to recognize the voice of Cousin Esther. I dashed up the stairway. When I reached the landing, I stumbled over some obstacle in my way. It was Emmanuel! He had fallen and lay as though dead. I had no time to lose. I entered the chamber. I saw cousin Esther stretched on the lounge hiding her face in her hands.

"It moves! it moves! it moves!" she moaned.

I did not dare to look at the side of the bed. I shut my eyes. I said as calmly as I could: "Nonsense! nonsense! you have been dreaming! Don't be foolish! See, it is as it always was!" I ventured to glance at the horror. Esther became reassured. She lifted her head and gazed timidly about her. She grasped my hand.

"See," said I, forcing a laugh, "ha! ha! ha! what an odd dream you must have had! See how still it is! See, not a wrinkle, not a ripple in the sheet! No disturbance there!"

"I must have been dreaming, indeed!" she exclaimed. "But," she added brokenly, "I am sure—I saw the sheet move—as if—a hand—was pushing it off."

She was shuddering. For my part I could not resist the fascination of gazing fixedly at the white pall. I was trying to imagine that it did move. I was eager to see it move. I was spell-bound—mad for a moment. Then the remembrance flashed upon me of Emmanuel out on the landing. In a second I was with him, tugging at him to lift and rouse him. Esther, at a glance, saw all. She merely turned to where I was, recognized the fallen man, and gave vent to a scream more appalling than the first. I grew irritable—I was half-crazed! I am quite sure I struck at her with my foot. I was hardly conscious of anything definite—no more so than a soldier in the heat of a fierce battle.

Emmanuel lay like a drunken man. But in one swift, horrible instant, everything was done and undone. I was trampled under foot by a man who rushed into the room, followed by a woman. I was aware of cries and noises, of running to and fro. Somebody came upstairs. The house became alive. I succeeded in gaining my feet. The little chamber of death seemed crowded to overflowing. I made a further struggle to push into the crowd. All this seemed to pass in the briefest possible space, ere the echo of that scream had died away.

I saw Emmanuel was no longer there.

The stimulus of the intense excitement rendered my senses wonderfully acute. I sought, vainly, everywhere for Emmanuel. One rapid glance into the death-chamber gave me all the details of the scene there. Gathered in a close group about the side of the bed, were four persons. I recognized three of the faces; Rebecca's two sisters, Julia and Sarah, and old Mr. Rach. The fourth, a reverend-looking, white-haired, wrinkled, and altogether intellectual face, I could not identify. On the lounge lay the prostrate form of cousin Esther, who appeared to be in a deep sleep, or swoon. One of the maid-servants was bending over and fanning her. Michael, the coachman, was leaning on the door post, his usually round, red and jolly countenance looking serious enough now. I addressed him sharply—rudely:

"Where's Mr. Manuel?"

"I carried him jist now to the front room, sir! He's kind of hurt like about the head, sure!"

"Who's that man? How did he come here? What has happened? Where have I been? What's the matter? How is this?"

I overwhelmed him with quick questions, and gestures in the direction of the bed.

Michael bent his head to me and put his hand to his mouth mysteriously, while he whispered: "It's the docther, sure, sir! I fotched him, and didn't yer honor know he was here?"

"Not I!"

The conviction came upon me that I had lain unconscious for some time on the landing.

Somebody called out "Michael!" It was the doctor who spoke.

I pressed forward, eager to learn all.

"Leave the room, everybody!" exclaimed the doctor, in a hoarse whisper. "I must be alone—Michael! here, help me!"

The coachman was at his side in an instant.

The little chamber became suddenly emptied of all save cousin Esther, Michael, and the doctor.

The door was closed!

We all hurried over to the front room. There, to my complete astonishment, I discovered Emmanuel, not as I had imagined him to be, not stretched on a bed in a coma, but pacing the floor with nervous, rapid energy. It was a strangely dismal scene now. The gas burned low. Old Mr. Rach sat on the edge of the bed, folded his hands, shut his eyes, and remained like carven stone. Rebecca's sisters on the sofa were silently staring at the carpet. I was leaning against the window frame, looking out into the sleeping garden, while poor Emmanuel, his eyes closed, his hands behind him, was striding across the room, up and down, down and up, like a madman.

Presently I moved to the sofa and took a seat between the two sisters.

"Is that Dr. Horris?" I inquired of Julia, the elder of the two.

She responded faintly:

"Yes, sir!" Michael brought him about an hour ago!" Then after a slight interval:

"They say she is not dead, but how can that be? Oh, my God! my God!"

These last words seemed to agitate Emmanuel. He stopped his pacing and looked intently at her for a moment. Then he continued his motions. But in a short time he changed the direction of his steps, and turned towards the back room. He entered this apartment, and in a few minutes returned, bearing in his arms his lovely little daughter Miriam, in her night dress, and only half awake. He came in kissing his precious burden, and sat down on a chair near the window, pressing the child to his bosom, and smothering her with caresses.

"Is mamma come to?" exclaimed the child, gleefully—staring around the room with wide eyes.

Who in that apartment could answer this heart-breaking question.

I saw Emmanuel burst into tears. Julia ran over and caught the child, and between the sound of her sobs were heard her intermittent kisses. The child became the light of the room. The old grandfather melted from his revery, shuffled across to the girl, and stood stroking her fair hair, murmuring all the while:

"Little angel! little angel! little angel!"

During all the caressing, kissing and praise, the weary little thing fell asleep on her father's shoulder.

A knock! The doctor!

A sudden rush towards him by all of the silent occupants of the room. He raises his hand reprovingly, "Sh!" he whispers, "sh! Try and keep as quiet as possible, friends! Go to bed and sleep! I will watch and see what can be done. The case is one of perplexity. She has been removed to the bed. I took off the cold wrappings—put on warm blankets—am doing all I can. It may be lethargy—it may be death! Hope nothing—fear everything. Don't imagine she is alive—it is only in rare cases such things occur. I must not be disturbed!"

The doctor spoke hurriedly. He turned to Julia and beckoned to her. "I want you—come!" She arose reluctantly, but followed him immediately.

The doctor disappeared as suddenly as he came.

I felt that I should go mad if I remained longer in this atmosphere of horror. I must thrust off this terrible, terrible oppression, burst from this tomb, this dark apartment, these dismal walls, the desolate, woe-stricken house itself. I must breathe! I must forget, if only for a moment, this present shuddering terror born of the horror of the past hours, and the nerve-tingling anticipation of what is to come! I must have fresh air, and sleep, or I shall die.

I looked at Emmanuel. His eyes were closed. He was actually asleep.

The presence of his little daughter had soothed and calmed his afflicted spirit—and become a temporary blessed balm. Cautiously, on tip-toe, I made a move for the door. I reached the stairs, and stole down quietly into the garden. I stretched myself out on a rustic bench in the arbor and soon, yielding to my exhaustion, fell in a profound, dreamless slumber.

The grasp of a strong hand awoke me—awoke me to find myself prone on the grass at the foot of the bench in broad daylight, and there right before me—his face restored to more than its old ruddiness, was Michael the coachman. He looked more jolly than ever a jolly Irishman could have looked under the circumstances.

"Sure, an' aint we been huntin' yer honor everywhere!" he said.

"My, my, Michael, how is this; have I been dreaming?," I ejaculated confusedly, rising and regaining my seat.

"I'll tell ye! It's good luck to the mornin', so it is!"

The memory of all the past night flashed upon me—I cried:

"For God's sake, Michael, tell me all!"

"Och, an' I will sure! The docther sez to me, sez he, 'Give me a lift here, Michael!' So I helped him lift up the body from the chair. Faith, and may the Lord keep me from iver sich another job, ah! 'Go!' sez the docther, 'an' fetch some wather biling hot, an' some brandy:' An' when I fetched 'em, sez he: 'I'll not need ye any more now, Michael—but,' sez he, first help me carry this woman over'—and I helped him lift Miss Esther up an' we takes her over to the little bed-room—an' the docther, sez, sez he, 'Whin I ring; you come—mind!' An' I sez, 'if I don't may the divil fly away wid me.' 'Niver mind,' sez the docther—'go now and whin I ring come up!'"

"Well—well—go on!" I cried, excitedly.

"Ye see after a bit what does I hear but a ring—sure an' I goes up an' the docther opens the door a bit an' he sez, sez he, 'More biling hot wather, Michael, ef ye plaze!' I couldn't see into the room at all—but I heard the docther say some 'un, 'She breathes—she breathes!'"

"She breathes!" I shouted.

"Yis—yer honor—an' sure enough it was, good luck to it—for ain't she breathin' now faith, like a good-fellah, sure?"

"Thank God!" I cried, "thank God!"

"An' amen to that!" said Michael, doffing his hat.

"Are you sure of this, Michael!"

"Faith, dy'e think the likes of my five senses are all liars? Sure, didn't I hear the docther say just this blessed mornin' that her swate cheeks were rid as new-born roses, faith, an' what more d'ye want?"

"What a strange—strange thing!" I ejaculated, half audibly.

"Pat McGuldy's wife, Kate, she was wanst nigh buried alive, faith! An' at the wake Terrance McGuldy, her brother, he sez, sez he, 'Look now, what a beautiful craythure she is to be sure—Howly Mither, how rid her cheeks be!' An' what did I say? I sez, sez I, 'Faith, if she's dead, thin I'm dead, an' ye're all dead! An' sure enough—she was only in a—in a confusion like—"

"A trance!" I hinted.

"Yis, yer honor, an' that's why I happened to fetch the docther; fur ye see I couldn't slape a wink last night—an' I kept thinking an' thinking—an' I gets up an' puts on my clothes agin, fur I was thinking that old docther Sinnaman might have made a mistake, and it was rayther suddint she died too! An' wid that I sez to myself, says I, 'I'll go get the horse and fetch up the old family docther;' and I does it too, faith!"

"You're a good fellow, Michael, a brave fellow! But was it you who left the entry door open?"

"Not a bit, faith!"

"It must have been!"

"Well, well, if it was—it was because I didn't shut it, sure! An' I might 'ev thought that it was best to lave it open, if I didn't want to climb in the window, sure!"

I arose laughing and betook myself towards the house, thinking that probably Michael's present jolly condition and red face were effects of certain of last night's brandy absorbed into his system, while carrying it upstairs. I was astounded when I looked at my watch, to discover that it was already half-past nine. So when I reached the house, I found some new arrivals by the early train; relatives and the usual flock of those human crows who sniff funerals afar off.

Emmanuel was still asleep they said. I had determined to take the next train for town. So after a cup of coffee, I started upstairs in search of my friend, and found him indeed asleep on the bed in the back room. I did not disturb him, but left the room immediately, and endeavored to get away, if possible, without being seen, I met the doctor.

"Everything looks favorable," he said, "but we must have perfect quiet; there is too much noise downstairs!"

I encountered cousin Esther, who looked better that I anticipated, after the horror of the day and night. I only spoke to her a short time. Among other things I told her for the first time of the apparition of yesterday, that so startled and confounded me, adding:

"I can only account for it as an hallucination. Who knows but what I might have been dreaming, if only for the atom of a second, yet unaware of the fact that I was asleep. Such things do happen."

I glided away through the crowd, and bent my steps towards the gate.

What a delicious morning it was! Cooler than yesterday, and balmier and happier it seemed to me. God's own peace brooded over the sweet country.

There was a Sabbath calm everywhere. The air was odorous with the orchard blossoms. The birds were holding high festival of song. Cool, broad shadows across the little lane, flanked by its greenery of hedge and trees, and sunny-edged with blossoms, but the neighborhood was happy solitude. The twitter of a bird, the rattle of a wagon on the distant road, the far off whoop of a locomotive. All else silence.

Then as I turned down the lane, looking back I saw little Miriam, dancing among the bushes, like a sunbeam, clapping her hands and shouting—"Mamma has come! Mamma has come!"

[THE END.]

OUR FASHION CHAT.

After the holidays there are not many changes of fashion to chronicle, for there are but few departures taken from the styles which have been introduced for the winter. By this time the winter costume for street wear has been selected, and no doubt doing good service with its accompanying winter cloak and bonnet, and the work of the day is principally devoted to remodelling the old into something new.

Among the most important questions of dress to be decided just now is the evening costume, which is to perform an important role in the many festivities which come with the long winter evenings.

The predominant feature of all our dry goods shops at present, is the grand "marking down" of prices, and a more delectable feast could not be found than that which is offered to the "lover of bargains" in the low grade of prices which have taken the place of the old ones. While we find this tempting reduction in the variety of woollen materials, among which I may mention all-wool armures in all the pretty dark shades selling as low as 25 cents a yard from a reduction of 50 and 60 cents, this same reduction is visible in the charming variety of silk damasses, stamped velvets and brocades, all of which are so extensively used for trimming in combination with plain materials, so that a few yards tastefully applied on an old silk transforms it into an effectively new dress quite true in style to the fashion of the day.

There is no costume which can be more frequently renovated than one of black silk, for passing repeatedly through the renovating and cleansing process, it always rises fresh to the occasion, and now the additional aid which fashion lends to this result by introducing color with black silks, much can be done to increase the effect of an old dress made over. White lace or beaded jet are also effective trimmings on black silks, and help to produce the desired dressy effect when it is intended for evening wear.

A very stylish black silk dress was produced by remodelling an old one as follows: The back of the skirt was composed of three long straight breadths, pleated into the waist-band; the pleats are kept in place all the way down by tapes tacked on underneath; but towards the bottom they spread out to form a square train, which is simply edged around by a narrow knife-pleating, or cut in points with the pleating underneath. The front is composed of one breadth, and a gore each side; but here economy may be exercised by making it of black silesia, trimming the bottom with two narrow pleatings and a heading of silk, and a piece of silk laid on above, only as far as the drapery, which is arranged in flat scarfs, put on diagonally, or in shawl points, or crossing each other in opposite lines, or, in fact, any way that fancy suggests. The edges of these scarfs are trimmed with white lace laid on flat, or black lace over white; again, beaded trimming, either *clair de lune*, or any of the colored jets, as taste suggests; on each side of this front, and sewed on to the gores, are revers extending from the waist down, turned back towards the train. These revers can be of velvet, damasse, or of the plain silk, and can be trimmed across all the way up, or simply around the back edge and bottom, and caught back by handsome bows of ribbon, in which some color may be introduced; for example—black, with cardinal underneath, or pale pink. The corsage is made with a postillion back, and round in front; the belt formed of folds of silk, begins at the seams under the arm, and fastens in front with a buckle. The neck is cut square in front, and trimmed with a revers each side, and a piece standing up like a collar in the back. Crepe lisse is pleated inside, or crossed in folds in front to form an inside *fichu*, the sleeves are tight to the elbow, and finished off by two frills of lace and a rouleau of ribbon, fastened by a bow. The little bouquet de corsage accompanies this costume, as it does all others, and may be worn on the left side of the square-cut neck, or fastened in the belt.

Another style of freshening a dress is the insertion of a piece of satin, or damasse, or some contrasting color and material all the way down the front, in which case the fastening of the dress is concealed at the side. This front, or plastron, as it is called, is elaborately trimmed, being embroidered by hand in silks intermingled with jet, sparkling in many colors, or covered with trimming to simulate embroidery; while still another effect is produced by perpendicular rows of beaded lace insertion. Brocaded velvet is also used cut out in plaques, or round pieces, and laid on the dress to simulate the embroidery which is used so lavishly.

An evening dress of some light shade can be made quite fresh by introducing a front of damasse of similar shade, or to form panels at the side, when the plain front can be draped similar to the style of the black silk.

A charming ball costume, which may serve as a guide for an old one to be made over, or a new one, was made of white silk, in the princesse shape, with these side panels composed of pale coral pink satin. The panels began on the shoulders of the square-cut corsage, and formed narrow bretelles back and front, increasing in width to the waist where they meet under the arm, and extend down, widening towards the bottom of the skirt. The edge of the satin is cut out all around in small points with a narrow crepe lisse pleating underneath, or the edge can be trimmed with a narrow lace. A deep apron front of white tulle is draped across the front, and edged with a white flossy fringe, which falls over a crepe lisse and tulle pleating at the bottom of the skirt.

The back of the skirt is unlooped and pleated to form the fan train, which is trimmed with alternate pleatings of tulle and crepe lisse.

The floral trimmings are long garlands of pale pink and deep crimson roses, which begin at the waist on each side and extend down towards the back where they fall over the train. A cluster is fastened on one side of the corsage, and another one fastens a white aigrette on one side of the hair.

Fine white tarletan can be effectively used instead of tulle, and soft white washing blondie net is one of the most effective materials for trimming and draping light silks; it pleats in flounces or ruches, with a soft pretty effect, and is more substantial and less expensive than tulle or crepe lisse.

A very *distingue* model for a reception dress was made in the princesse shape and composed of dark myrtle green silk and a brocade showing a silvery thread in the design. The silk front is cut square neck and all in one to the feet, but draped to form loose folds across the front, and caught by loops and ends of narrow dark green ribbon, faced with the palest pink; these loops are two in number with two ends, and form three perpendicular rows. Across the bottom of this front is a narrow knife pleating, over which falls a ruffle cut in Van Dyke points and faced with the pale pink. The brocade is cut all in one in the Gabrielle style, and extends down each side of the square neck, and slopes gradually off towards the sides and falls in a long train at the back, which is left unlooped. The trimming consists of a narrow pleating of plain silk faced with the pink, it extends all the way round, including the neck and across the front of the square cut corsage. The sleeves are demi long and trimmed with a pleating faced with pink, a cluster of pale pink roses and green leaves, is on the left side of the open neck. In selecting these shades care must be taken that the pink is of that palest shade which harmonizes with green. An equally charming effect would be produced by combining bronze with pale blue.

There are strong attempts made by Fashion to introduce the one skirt and banish to the oblivion of departed fashions, the draped overskirt. The fashion is acceptable when it assumes the princesse shape with drapery artistically arranged, but as to the plain one skirt, *par et simple*, holding supreme favor for a long time is rather problematical.

Feather trimming is becoming as popular as colored jet and embroidery; bonnets are made entirely of ostrich feathers, and it is extensively used on dresses and mantles; it is even simulated by embroidery which is rich in representing peacock feathers. Bands of peacock feathers, flamingo, blue jay—indeed, all the feathered tribe are sacrificed on the altar of this new fancy of Fashion. "Birds of Paradise, which have so long enjoyed the protection of that oblivion, to which Fashion had consigned them, are again brought forward to swell the list and ornament bonnets and heads as well.

As an illustration of the short costumes, many of them are made with a kilted skirt in wide pleats; this is fastened on a yoke which fits smoothly over the hips, and is concealed under the pleated blouse jacket, which is worn with it, or a short apron overskirt is worn, arranged to fall in two square tabs in the back, the edge is simply stitched by machine in several rows. The outside wrap is cut like a gentleman's cut-away coat, fastened in front by one or two buttons and a rolling collar with revers. Accompanying this coat is a vest of the same, which buttons all the way down. Another style to make the skirt is to pleat the back only and trim the front with flat scarfs. These costumes are made exclusively of soft woolen materials, tweeds or finely checked cloths, and the cut of the coat should be exact in fit and shape by the pattern, as its style depends on its fit exclusively.

I had hoped to begin my miscellaneous chat to-day, as I have quite a budget of letters to answer containing notes and queries on a variety of subjects, but our crowded columns necessitate a delay until next week, when I trust to supply satisfactory answers to all.

FEMININITIES.

A set of three Kentucky sisters eloped one night last week and were married.

A twelve-year-old girl has been arrested in San Francisco as the leader of a gang of burglars.

President Hayes says he would favor a constitutional amendment giving women the right to vote.

Pittsburg has a female blacksmith. It is believed that the horses in her vincinity have to stand around.

"A painful feature in London," writes Julia Ward Howe, "is the rudeness shown to women in the streets."

Miss Von Hillern, the great walker, is probably the only woman in the United States who wears shoes an inch too long.

A young Connecticut lady was lately taken aback when her swain got upon his knees before her, and read a declaration of love, which he had nicely written off.

A young lady while on her way to be married, was run over and killed. A confirmed old maid savagely remarked, "She has avoided a more lingering and horrible destiny."

No Turkish child is allowed to know its exact age. Such a regulation as this would be especially acceptable to the fair sex, at least, in a good many other countries besides Turkey.

Miss Alexander, of Mt. Clemens, Mich., an educated, intelligent young woman, eloped recently with a circus rider. When the rider reached Ingersoll, Canada, she killed herself with poison.

The Baltimore *American* reports that there is a crusade against dancing in Baltimore society, and nearly all the young ladies who belong to the church are excluding that amusement from their parties this season.

A young damsel sent twenty-five cents in postage stamps, in reply to an advertisement that appeared in an Eastern paper of "how to make an impression," and got for an answer: "Sit down in a pan of dough."

The color of a girl's hair is regulated by the size of her father's pocket-book. If the latter be plethoric, the girl's tresses are golden or auburn. If the old man's wallet is lean, we hear the daughter spoken of only as "that red-headed gal." You never saw a rich girl with red hair.

A Brooklyn girl recently "experienced religion" under one of Talmage's sermons, and the next day ordered a new silk dress, hat, etc., and then, after putting extra stuffing in her bustle, informed her mother that she was prepared for religious duties, and never intended to miss a Sunday at church when the weather was fine.

A brother of Bishop Clark was one of the wittiest men alive. He once went to see one of his parishioners, a lady with a prodigious family, which had recently been increased. As he rose to leave, the lady stopped him with: "But you haven't seen my last baby." "No," he quickly replied; "and I never expect to!" Then he fled.

At the annual meeting of the Penn Peace Society, held recently, Amanda Deyo, of New York, said that unless the mothers moved in this matter the popular heart could not be gained. She would not permit the use of warlike toys, even, such as drums, guns, or swords, lest children should become imbued with a martial spirit.

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS

R. H. G., (Charleston, S. C.)—There is no recipe for the removal of small-pox marks from the face.

A MILL HAND, (Cobb's Creek.)—Gauze was a favorite fabric worn by the Romans. It was first manufactured in Scotland in 1759.

ALDIE, (Clarke, Wis.)—Alexander Dumas died on the 11th December, 1870. He is said to have written about one thousand volumes.

C. J., (Grant, Oregon.)—Edward, King and Confessor, was the founder of Westminster Abbey. He was also the first monarch who touched for the king's evil.

S. KITCHING, (York, Pa.)—Oxalic acid and dilute oil of vitriol are the only substances likely to answer for cleaning name-plates. They are both highly poisonous.

MOROCCA, (Amesbury, Mass.)—Not knowing from what cause the pimples proceed, we cannot suggest a remedy; in most cases of the kind it is wise to consult a doctor.

MINER, (Grimes, Tex.)—Thomas Hobbes was certainly not an Atheist, but a Theist. Outwardly a Churchman, he did certainly not accept Christianity. The *Leviathan* is the work to be read.

D. B., (Hillsborough, N. H.)—If any book states that the power is increased in effect ten times by increasing the diameter of a wheel ten times, we can only say that the statement is altogether untrue.

JALON, (Alpine, Ark.)—Warm spirits of wine applied to tarnished gold of any kind with a soft brush or flannel will restore it to its proper color. It will clean your gold lace admirably, but you must be careful.

NORAH, (Dodge, Wis.)—One can learn to play upon the accordion more readily than upon most other instruments. A person with an ear for music can learn to play any instrument without a knowledge of notes.

N. B. (Saginaw, Mich.)—A Literary Bureau is either a corps of journalists or authors; an agency for making engagements for lecturers and readers, delivering books and papers, etc., etc. We do not know the one you mention.

W. S., (Andover, Vt.)—Diplomatic correspondence is generally transacted in the French language. The synonyms of the English, or, indeed, of the German, would make all such definite understandings ambiguous.

J. G., (Andy, W. Va.)—As the eruption in your face has not disappeared through the use of simple remedies, we should advise you to consult a doctor, as it not unfrequently happens that eruptions in the face become chronic if not properly attended to.

S. L., (Marion, Ill.)—Covent Garden is a corruption from Convent Garden, the site of the market having once been a place of recreation for the inmates of a monastic establishment. The property was confiscated from the Catholic Church and made over to the Bedford family.

MILLY CLAYTON, (Germantown, Pa.)—When two young ladies scribble on paper and pass it to each other in the presence of a third without explanation they are guilty of ill-bred rudeness. The act may not have been intended as a deliberate insult to you, but you did right in treating it with silent contempt.

F. G. (Pottsville, Pa.)—The reason that coal-mine managers are warned to use extra care during damp and foggy weather is that such weather very often accompanies a sudden fall of the barometer, and as a matter of experience it is known that fire-damp suddenly appears in mines when the barometer is low.

MISS M., (Allegany, N. Y.)—1. There are frogs in Ireland, but no toads or snakes. 2. Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, is the son of Nicholas I. and Alexandra Feodorovna (formerly the Princess Charlotte of Prussia), sister of William I., the present Emperor of Germany. The former is consequently the nephew of the latter.

F. F.—Persons do not usually grow after they have attained their twentieth year; but there are exceptions to all rules. Plenty of exercise in the open air, early rising, retiring to bed early, temperate diet, and a total abstinence from smoking and spirituous liquors, are the best means of encouraging the healthy and full growth of youths.

S. B., (Boone, Neb.)—St. Denis, the patron saint of France, was put to death, with some companions, in the year 272, upon an eminence near Paris, since called, from the circumstance, Montmartre (Mons Martyrorum). According to the legend his head had no sooner been cut off than the body rose, and taking up the head, walked with it two miles.

ALBENTA, (Alna, Me.)—The Forum was the principal public place in Rome, situated nearly in the centre of the city, between Mount Quirinal and the Capitol. Here was the tribune of the Roman orators, and around it were the courts of justice. At the present time the place where it stood is a desert, and is called Campo Vaechino, "Cow-keeper's field."

AN ANXIOUS FEMMAS, (Meigs, O.)—Soap and water will make the hair lighter; hair-oil will darken it. The first is not injurious, the second is, unless very carefully prepared. The meaning of the name of Mary is "bitterness," of Annie, "grace," of Elizabeth, "a worshipper of God," of William, "helm of many," George, "a cultivator," of Robert "bright counsellor."

ANXIOUS, (Kent, Mich.)—We think two persons of such widely-different views in regard to religious matters, and who cannot suppress the desire to discuss the merits of each other's belief, would be very unwise to marry. What cannot be discussed now without bitterness and tauntings, would then be the cause of constant bickerings, and in the end of open rupture.

IGNORANCE, (Mecklenburgh, N. C.)—The guelder rose (*gelder*) supposed to have been brought from Guelderland, in Holland, is not a rose, but a flowering-shrub, sometimes called the "snowball tree." *Gloir de Dijon*, perhaps the best of perpetual roses, combining the delicacy of Marshal Neil with the hardiness of the old cabbage-rose was first cultivated at Dijon, in France.

M. J. N., (Madison, Ill.)—You acted with much imprudence in flirting with another gentlemen in order to make your admirer jealous, and thereby "test his sincerity." We cannot see how his sincerity is to be tested by such means, but, on the other hand, he may be led to withdraw his attentions. You say that you are now very miserable and know not what to do. We will tell you. Show contrition, confess your folly, and beware how you again give way to it.

EVA, (Hancock, Tenn.)—If your parents suspect that the young man is deceiving them as regards his prospects, their best plan would be to make strict inquiry respecting him. If your lover is an honorable man and feels the love for you he professes, he can have no objection to such a course. The money you expect to come into possession of can be secured to your use before marriage, and we would advise it being done.

IGNORAMUS, (Lorain, Ohio.)—The Bankers' Clearing House is the medium through which bankers obtain the amount of checks and bills in their hands for collection from other bankers. Instead of presenting their checks at each banking house and receiving payment, clearing-bankers settle the whole amount delivered during the day at this establishment, by receiving or paying the difference in their amount by a single check on some well known bank. Every bank in the country is represented by clearing-bankers.

ALMON, (Rush, Kan.)—Don Quixote is the hero of a celebrated Spanish romance of the same name. He is represented as a gaunt country gentleman, full of honor and enthusiasm, gentle and dignified in his character, but so crazed by long reading of the most famous books of chivalry, that he feels himself called upon to become the impossible knight-errant they describe, and actually goes forth to defend the oppressed and avenge the injured, and in his mistaken zeal has numerous ludicrous adventures.

TORPEDO, (Portage, Wis.)—The torpedo boat is claimed to be an American invention. David Bushnell, an American, undertook in 1776, in New York harbor, to plant a torpedo under a British man-of-war, but did not succeed. The torpedo was to be attached to the bottom of the vessel by means of a wooden screw, and then fired by a clockwork fuse. Thirty years later Robert Fulton experimented in New York harbor with four classes of torpedoes of his own invention, and in 1813 Col. Samuel Colt applied electricity to the ignition of submarine batteries. During the Civil War torpedoes of American invention were used in Southern waters, and nine ironclads, eleven wooden ships-of-war and nine transports and steamboats were destroyed. The Russians employ the spar torpedo, similar to the one Lieutenant Cushman put under the bottom of the ram Albermarle in Roanoke inlet. The Lay torpedo boat carries in its hold its own engine and boiler, beside its freight of 100 pounds of dynamite. The engine, the rudder, and the explosive fuse are under the control of the operator on shore. There are three keys playing on the battery on shore, and these keys start and stop the engine or turn it to port or larboard as may be desired. When the torpedo strikes a solid obstacle a bell is rung on shore and the charge of dynamite can then be discharged. It is claimed that this torpedo can be made to travel twelve miles an hour.